Pipes AND TOBACCOS

Summer 2005

COVER STORY
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Karl-Heinz Joura's Pipemaking Art

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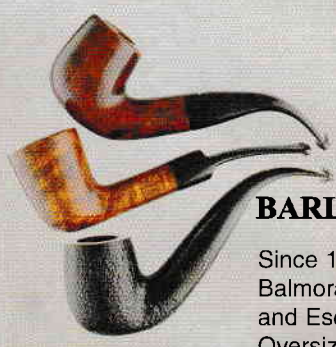

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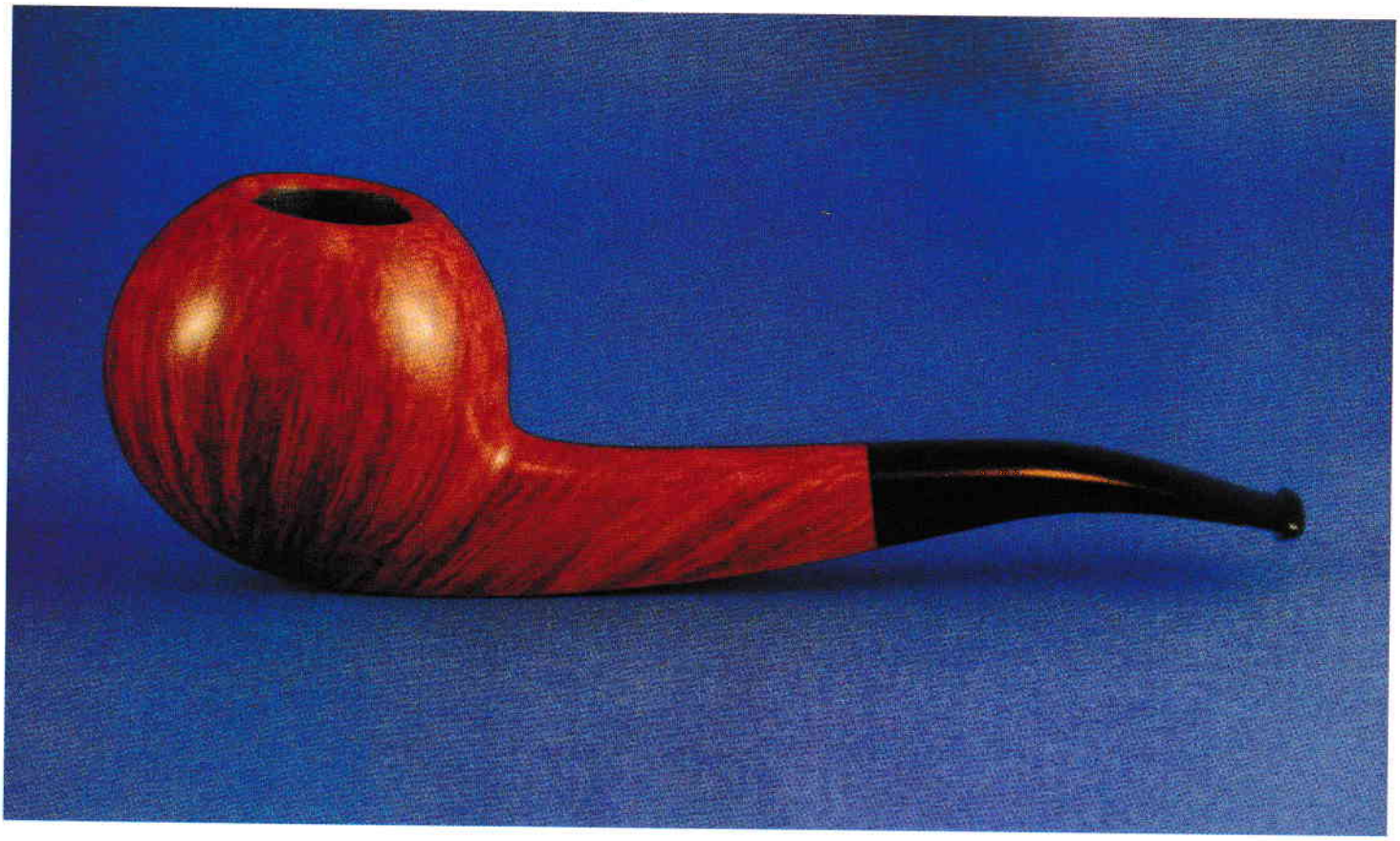
Pipes AND TOBACCOS



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14 **A Born Pipemaker**
Long before he was old enough to smoke pipes, Tom Eltang knew that he wanted to make them. He started young, but had to take many other jobs to pay the bills. He always found time to make pipes, but not until a few years ago was he able to dedicate himself full time to his chosen career.

22 **Dutch Masters**
While you can tell time using the Big Ben clock, it's even better to pass the time enjoying tobacco smoked in a pipe that bears its name. Made in Holland at the Royal Dutch Pipe Factory, Big Ben pipes combine innovative, modern ideas and classic aesthetics.

28 **In Good Taste**
While on vacation in Switzerland in 1974, Karl-Heinz Joura saw two beautiful pipes sitting in a shop window. Joura knew he could not afford them, but he thought he might make pipes that would be similar, even though he had never made a pipe before. The chance encounter with the pipes and the desire Joura had to replicate them has turned into a career for the pipemaker, who is based in Bremen, Germany.

34 **A Canadian Secret**
For more than 45 years, pipemaker John Calich has been engaged in a labor of love, crafting high-quality smoking pipes by hand in the basement workshop of his Mississauga, Ontario, home. His pipes have appeared in a Hollywood film, and his skill as a pipemaker has been touted by journalists and other pipe carvers alike. Yet, strangely, he largely remains a Canadian secret.

38 **Essential Existentialism**
John-Paul Sartre was a French philosopher who became one of the foremost thinkers of his time. He was also a devoted pipe smoker. When asked to list what was most important in his life, Sartre replied, "I don't know. Everything. Living. Smoking."

42 ***My Lady Nicotine***
For more than a century, tobacco enthusiasts have been delighted by J.M. Barrie's novel *My Lady Nicotine*. Ben Rapaport delves into the history behind Barrie's classic work.

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Summer 2005

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58 **The Phantom Smoker: A Social Experiment**
Have you ever been berated for pulling out a briar pipe? Have you gotten dirty looks from other people when they see you contently puffing away? *P&T* has commissioned a crack social scientist, who happens to be a pipe smoker, to humorously record people's often irrational reactions to his enjoyment of the leaf.

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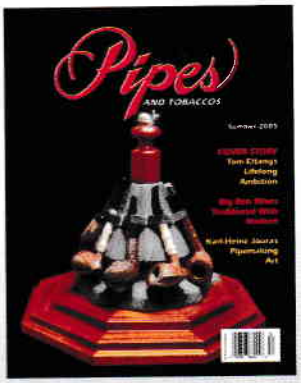

Cover: Made in 2003, Tom Eltang's second seven-day set features his famous snail, designating the highest grade possible, sitting at the top of the case. *(Photo by Lars Kiel.)*

Pipes AND TOBACCOS

A quarterly magazine celebrating pipes of all kinds and fine tobaccos.

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Airport Security

My job requires that I do a fair amount of air travel, and it's becoming more and more inconvenient, what with security lines, bomb-sniffing dogs that can't differentiate tobacco from blasting caps, strip searches (wait, I kind of look forward to the strip searches) and humorless checkpoint people on the verge of running amok the next time someone insists that nail clippers do not constitute terrorist munitions. I prefer driving, but my car is not equipped with pontoons and too many pipemakers live on other continents. If they had any courtesy at all, they'd move to North Carolina, where I can easily get to them without enduring air travel, but they are singularly uncooperative:

"Hello, this is Chuck. I'd like to do a story on you."

"Great!"

"When can you move to North Carolina?"

"What? I'm not moving."

"OK, never mind." *Click.*

Well, you just can't get many interviews that way, so back to the airport I go. They hate me there. It's been a painful process, but I've learned to curtail my sarcasm during security checks. I used to carry the pipes I travel with in a plastic pistol case, but I've stopped doing that:

"Sir, what is this?"

"That is a gun case."

"What's it for?"

"It is designed, according to the manufacturer, to carry guns."

"You have guns in here?"

"No. I have pipes in there."

"Pipes? What kind of pipes?"

"Well, not pipe bombs, if that's what you're implying."

"You have pipe bombs?"

"I have *smoking* pipes."

"Smoking? Like with a fuse?"

"Sure, I always carry pipe bombs with lit fuses when I fly. For my sinuses."

Then I'd find myself face down on the tiles with somebody's knee on the back of my neck and a riot stick in my ear. So I stopped using the pistol case and switched to a leather pipe bag.

"What's in here?"

"Non-explosive tobacco pipes."

"And what's this?

"A pipe tamper."

"You can't carry this on the plane. There's a sharp point."

"It's called a pick, and I couldn't coerce a second bag of pretzels from the flight attendant with it, let alone take over the plane. It's as harmless as my lighter."

"You have a *lighter*? What for?"

"You mean the pipe lighter, packed with my pipes and tobacco? Obviously, I intend to set fire to myself with it during the flight. Once I'm completely engulfed in flames, I'll threaten to hug people until they give me what I want, which by that time will be a fire extinguisher."

They were better prepared that time, and I found myself on the tiles even more quickly, with a 280-pound ex-bouncer named Gargoyle doing the hokeypokey on my rib cage.

Well, I'm no fool; I need to be trampled, mutilated and detained only a couple of times before I start to get the idea.

"What's in here?"

"Harmless, non-abrasive, inert tobacco pipes and a wooden pickless dowel for FDA-approved organic tamping."

"And this?"

"That is a disposable safety lighter, per airline regulations, which I hope to use to light my tobacco if I ever escape from whatever godforsaken airport I end up getting diverted to after I miss my original flight because security people don't know a Bic from a bazooka."

"Lighters of any kind are no longer allowed."

"What? What harm can I possibly do with a disposable lighter, hold it up and demand encores of the movie?"

"Lighters can be used to ignite bombs."

"Right, then maybe you should be looking for *bombs* instead of lighters. That pipe bowl, for example, could easily hold enough C-4 to bring down the plane."

OK, so maybe I don't learn that fast.

Chuck

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JOAO REIS (JR2031)

JOAO REIS (JR2032)

We are very proud to present the beautiful handmade pipes by *Joao Reis*. Born in Lisbon, Portugal in 1978, Joao became fascinated with smoking and collecting pipes at the young age of fifteen. In 1998 a friend from the Portuguese Pipe Club asked him to make a pipe for him. Joao's work was very well received and this fueled his passion to make pipes with impeccable attention to detail and design. Joao now lives in Denmark and has studied to perfect his craft under master pipe artisans such as *Kai Nielsen, Jorgen Nielsen, Poul Ilsted* and many others. With a total yearly production of 150 pipes, Joao Reis has focused his goal on creating the finest pipes available and this rising star in the pipe world is well on his way to doing so.

JOAO REIS (JR3381)

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Joao Reis

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P&T *Readers Respond*

Great Issue

I finally got your Spring 2005 issue and it is really great. I got back to smoking the pipe after the "new and improved" wife complained about my cigar smoking. I started by purchasing a pipe on eBay that was made out of composite materials. While surfing the Internet, I found an article about Dr. Grabow pipes. The story was so compelling that I bought Dr. Grabows on eBay and restored them. Now, I enjoy a few Peterson pipes and your back issues from time to time.

Douglas Perez, M.Ed
Cyberspace

I was delighted to read the recent "Trial by Fire" review on Escudo, which was reintroduced by Denmark's A&C Petersen in 1999.

I became enamored with Core's of London's Escudo blends in 1980. At that time, Escudo was available with both a Perique blend and a Latakia blend. The blend with Perique was packed in an oblong tin. The blend with Latakia was packed in a round tin.

Much to my dismay, the Perique blend disappeared without explanation. I do not like Latakia. Although Latakia is not cured with camel dung, the latter probably has a less nauseating odor. When I say, "That s**t stinks," I'm referring to both Latakia and camel dung.

Recently, I have smoked some very satisfying Perique blends (including Escudo). Peterson's Irish Oak and Solani's Virginia Flake with Perique are equally delightful. G.L Pease's Haddo's Delight did not impress me. Ashton's Pebblecut Flake was disappointing. I blended it with House of Windsor's Briggs Mixture and Black Cavendish. The tin aroma reminded me of cream of tomato soup.

I'm a 61-year-old veteran who cannot afford all the "Highly Recommended" Perique blends that are reviewed in "Trial by Fire." It's often been said that close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades. With the exception of its larger-sized coins, coils and disks, A&C Petersen's Escudo is as close to the original as close can get. Once again, it's included in my pipe-smoking pleasure.

David Nielson
Great Falls, Montana

Don't put that into your pipe

I was recently discussing funeral arrangements with my wife, and a thought entered my mind that I felt compelled to share. Granted, funeral arrangements are not normally the most welcome of topics, yet it is one in which we all share a common bond.

My wife knows that I wish to be cremated but I have added a unique touch, I think. I have asked her to place my ashes into a large tobacco jar that has a small legend affixed onto it with my name, birth and death dates, and then "His Own Special Blend."

A few days later, I asked her if she thought I was crazy and she assured me that she did not. I actually knew an amateur magician who was buried with his magic wand, so why not declare my love for pipe smoking by having my ashes put into a tobacco jar? An added bonus is that I am the only pipe smoker in the family, and I know that I won't wind up in a relative's bowl!

David Wagner
Salem, Oregon

Pipes for the troops

I thought I might share a photo from a friend of mine, Maj. Brian Perazone, who is stationed at Camp Liberty North in Baghdad, Iraq, with A Co., 414th Civil Affairs Battalion. The Company is attached to the 2nd BDE, 10th Mountain Division. For a number of the soldiers in the company, this is their second tour fighting in the war on terror. The 414th Civil Affairs Battalion is from Utica, N.Y.

Three years ago, I sent him a box of magazines, beef jerky and other snacks when he was stationed in Afghanistan. I also put in some pipes and tobacco that were donated by myself and other members of the Hudson Valley Pipe Club (HVPC). He

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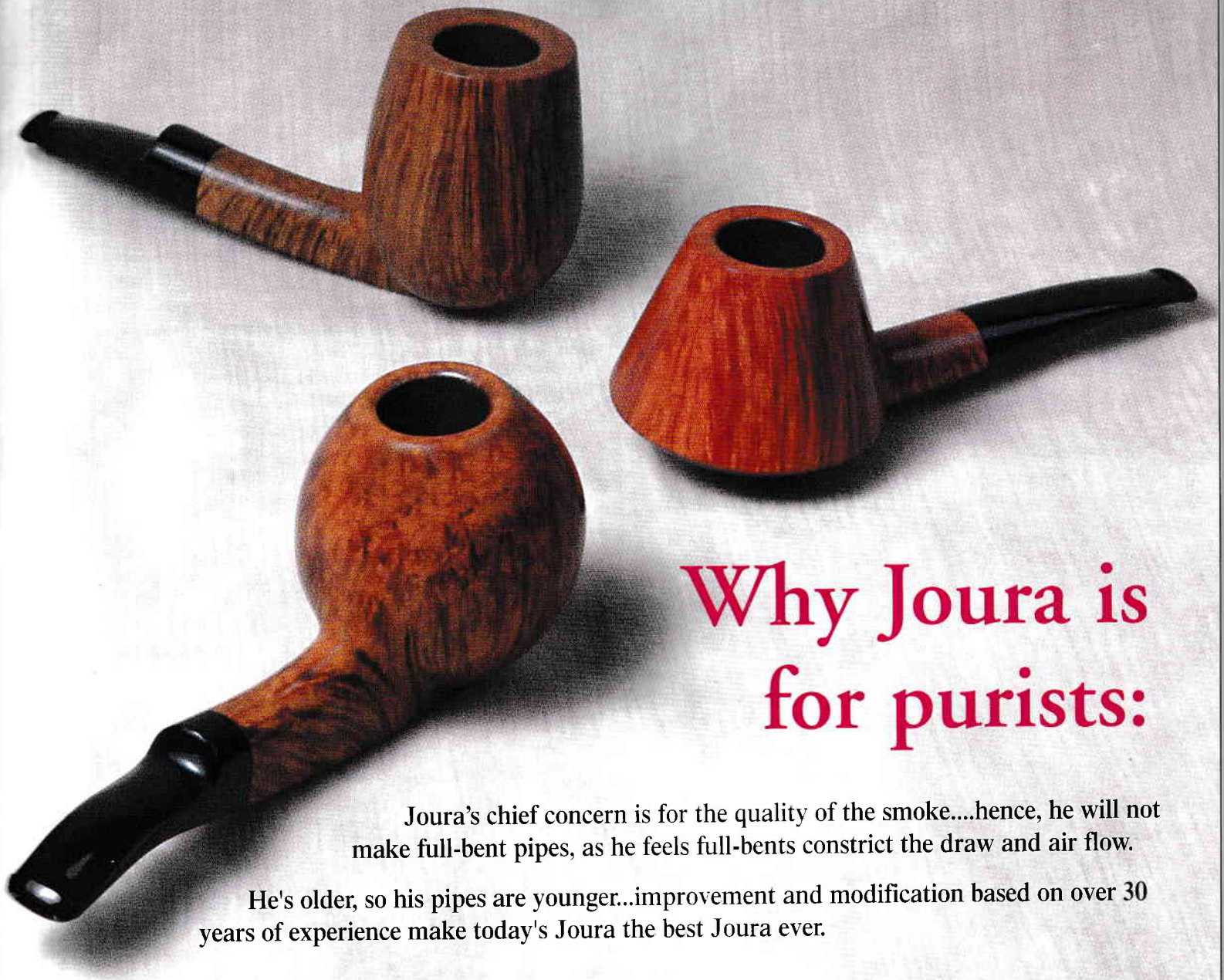

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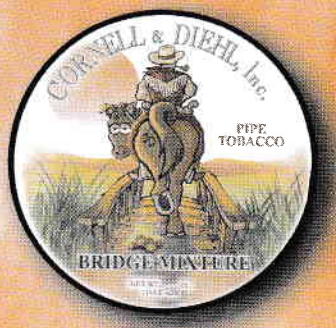

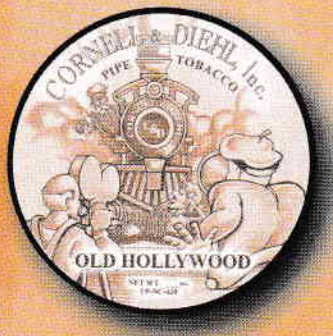

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shared the pipes with other members of his company and they all enjoyed having them. When they were deployed to Iraq in July 2004, he e-mailed me that his company would enjoy more pipes if they were available. So far, I have sent out two boxes weighing more than 50 pounds each that are filled with snacks, magazines and pipes and tobacco, again donated by members of the HVPC.

Rob Di Stasio
Cyberspace

P&T: *Thanks Rob and the HVPC for showing your patriotic spirit and remembering our troops, who are working so hard and putting their lives on the line to protect us. We appreciate your service!*

Ah, Youth 2

To continue the discussion about young pipe smokers that Aaron Tomlin brought up in his "Ah, Youth" letter in the Fall 2004 issue, we'll call "young" as anyone under the age of 33, but of course, anyone reading this magazine knows very well that youth is a state of mind.

As far as I know, an official head count or, rather, bowl count, has never been done, but I believe that I can fairly confidently say that Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, has more young pipe smokers than any other city in North America.

I worked at Burlington-on-Whyte Tobacconist in Edmonton for about 16 months, and in that time I became acquainted with hundreds of pipe smokers; roughly half of whom fell into the "young" age bracket. After the first few months, I lost count of the number of young men and women to whom I had sold a first pipe and taught them to pack, light, smoke, clean and care for it.

I believe that the key to Burlington-on-Whyte Tobacconist's success is that it is able to create an atmosphere of complete equality. Everyone, no matter who they are, is treated respectfully. Friends are made, hearts poured out, and of course, good tobacco is shared.

The attraction for the youth in this atmosphere is the deconstruction of the stereotype of the "old man pipe smoker." Anyone can smoke a pipe. You don't have to be a certain age, and at Burlington-on-Whyte Tobacconist, this is quite evident.

There are young pipe smokers from all different ends of every spectrum in Edmonton. From college and university students to musicians, actors, bartenders, mechanics, homosexuals and churchgoers alike—all are welcome and all are treated equally.

Pipe smoking is a wonderfully relaxing pastime, and it can be enjoyed by absolutely anyone. The young people of Edmonton have been catching on to this, and they don't allow norms or stereotypes to get in their way of being themselves. When I was working at the tobacconist, we had a phrase that we liked to use when selling someone his first pipe—especially a young person, "Here we are, quietly saving the world, one pipe at a time."

Daniel Harbin
Halifax, Nova Scotia

P&T: *Hold it right there, bucko. We were with you until you defined "youth" as younger than 33. You best add a year or two to your definition or else you'll soon meet the* P&T *secret police, and you wouldn't want that, would you?*

Sorry to see you go 2

I have enjoyed my subscription to *P&T*, but I have decided not to renew it. I am primarily a tobacco man with 95 percent of my pipes costing about $25 on eBay, so the predominant stories about high-end pipemakers are lost on me. While I applaud the addition of more tobacco reviews, none of them really let you know what to expect from a particular blend. I am sure that I am in the minority in both of these areas, but I am used to wine, tea and scotch reviews that tell what a blend tastes like. I don't need a listing of contents and the history of the blend. Nor does calling a Latakia blend "woodsy" or a Burley "nutty" offer me any insight.

The tobaccos reviewed in the magazine seem to be decreasing in quality, with recent reviews concentrating on house blends or blends that offer only two or three varieties.

Now, don't get me wrong. I believe that you have accomplished a miracle with *P&T*

A Commemoration!

In order to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the **RADICE** marque a ***Limited Edition*** series of 100 pipes will be issued during the remainder of 2005. The model, available in four finishes, features a hand-turned spiral shank and a sterling silver cap band, each individually hand-worked by Luigi Radice.

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and you are giving 99.9 percent of your readers exactly what they want. I'm sure I am a small minority. Your magazine's photographic and production quality is top-notch. I wish you all the best.

Christopher Byers
Ridgewood, New Jersey

I just wanted to respond to the "Sorry To See You Go" letter from J.C. Rogers in Saskatoon, Canada. I am also from Canada, except I live in Victoria, where our meerschaums don't explode in our faces when we walk outside in the winter. I have been fortunate enough to have that warm feeling of checking the mailbox until the day each new issue of *P&T* arrives so I can sit in my favorite chair and select just the right pipe and tobacco to settle back and start my first pass through the new issue.

I have smoked pipes for more than 20 years, enabling me to amass a collection of more than 200 pipes. I would say that 50 percent of my pipes were purchased in the U.S. and around the world through advertisers and carvers featured in *P&T*. I also order all of my tobacco based on reviews listed in the book, *Trial By Fire*, that you published and, of course, the reviews in each issue of *P&T*.

As you know in Canada we also have our "obscure pipe carvers," such as Julius Vesz, whom I met a few years ago on a trip to Toronto. I left with three of his beautiful, one-of-a-kind pipes, which were far from "bizarre creations."

I hope Mr. Rogers picks up *P&T* at the newsstand and looks into the missed opportunities that are only a click away. I can only imagine the number of Canadian subscribers you must have. Thank you for making my smoking even more enjoyable.

F.J.
Victoria, Canada

More on Dunhill

I would like to write a small addition to the nice article by Richard Esserman on Dunhill in the Spring 2005 issue.

The "white dot" isn't exclusively a trademark of Dunhill. Vauen, a German pipemaker, had started using the "white dot" in 1911.

Vauen was established in 1909 when two companies, the Nuremburg-based company Ziener & Ellenberger (founded in 1848) and the Gebhardt Ott Co. (founded in 1866) merged. The new company was named Vereinigte Nürnberger Pfeifenfabrik (United Nuremberg Pipe Factory). The German abbreviation is VN (pronounced Faw-en), which was later written as pronounced in German: "Vauen."

There were many legal discussions over the "white dot" in the 1930s, and the companies soon reached an agreement. Vauen uses the "white point" for pipes that are sold in Germany only. Pipes for export are marked with a "gray dot."

Dr. Jörg Lehmann
Cyberspace

Thanks for publishing my introductory article on the Dunhill pipe. I want to emphasize the word *introductory* because almost every paragraph could be expanded into a page or more.

As I mentioned in the article, there have been some discontinued finishes, including the Russet finish, which somehow got dropped in the finished article. The Russet had a smooth, dark stain finish; sort of a cross between a Bruyere and an Amber Flame. The red color of the Bruyere finish is less popular in the United States than in Europe, so perhaps this was Dunhill's attempt to have a darker non-red stain for the U.S. market. According to Howard Smith of Dunhill Manufacturing, it would appear that Russet was introduced in 1988. There is no confirmed date of discontinuation but most certainly it was in the late 1990s.

Since the article came out, I have been asked about the Dunhill pipes I like best. I have been smoking pipes since 1972 and smoking Dunhills since 1975. My first Dunhill was a very large 1975 Group 4 Oom Paul Shell and it was a terrific smoker. In 1978, I graduated to the giant HT XL Root Collector series and handmade XL DR pipes. These hand-turned pipes were some of the biggest of the day and they had exceptional smoking qualities. Folks who have read my work in other publications know that I favor the biggest Dunhills ever made—the 1920s through 1930s Dunhill Shell Magnum pipes. However, I have also found that the post-2000 production of HT XL Shell, Cumberland and Tanshells, along with the HT XL Flame series and modern-day Magnum bent in a fitted Ventage case (made in 2003), to be some of my favorite pipes as well. ▶

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I want to congratulate *P&T* in doing such a fine job in exposing a wide variety of pipemakers and brands to the smoking public, especially in these trying times. And I really love the expanded "Trial by Fire."

Richard Esserman
Cyberspace

We owe a great deal to R.D. Field's pioneering Dunhill dating article from the Winter 1984 *PCI Pipe Smoker*, which was reprinted in the Spring 2005 *P&T*. However, as one might suspect, the intervening two decades dictate a few significant corrections and addenda. First, for all practical purposes, there is no "1" date code for 1951; rather, the date code for 1951 is the 1950 "0" together with a circled group size number. Second, during the 1940s war years, a great many pipes, perhaps even approaching a majority, were stamped either DUNHILL SHELL MADE IN ENGLAND [over] PATENT Nº 1341418/20, or for smooth finishes U.S. PATENT Nº 1343253/20 or PAT. Nº 1343253/20, in all cases without a date code. These pipes are dated to the World War II period by the indicated nondate-coded stamps. Third, we can now comfortably date back an additional two decades to the very first Alfred Dunhill pipe. The Field dating chart may be taken back to 1922 along the lines noted by Mr. Field (e.g. "2" indicating 1922). While somewhat more complicated, nomenclature variations now allow us to go back by year to at least 1917. Generally, we can now date from 1917 back another seven years and beyond to the first 1905/1906 "Windshield" pipe. The past few decades have allowed us other refinements, but with the noted corrections in mind, the general reader remains, as so many of us were, correctly armed with Mr. Field's 1984 chart.

With respect to the picture caption, to avoid confusion it should be noted that Dunhill pipes were not categorized by size until circa 1950.

Taken as statements of current facts, I must take serious issue with the text statements to the effect that Dunhill nomenclature is not "standardized" or that "pipes were simply stamped incorrectly" and the like. These statements are more reflective of what we, collectors, did not know in earlier days then anything else. From inception, nomenclature was quite important to Dunhill; indeed one of the classic "Alfred" stories is the rejection of pipes simply because the nomenclature *appearance* was not up to snuff. Today, with but a bit of experience, nearly a century of Dunhill pipes can be identified by shape and finish and dated by year, all in only a moment and without resort to references. And at least as concerns the pre-WWII Dunhills, which are the focus of my interest, I have yet to see an incorrect stamping. Certainly there have been pipe stampings that have taken thought and consideration to understand, but in the ultimate I can only repeat that I have yet to find an incorrectly stamped pre-World War II Dunhill pipe. It should also be noted that even as regards shape designation stamping, all too often the complaint of "inconsistency" is in truth both a failure to accept that some shapes are not "birthed," frozen for all time, but rather evolve, and a complaint that the "stamper" of decades past was not blessed with the complainer's hindsight knowledge of that shape evolution.

John C. Loring
Chicago, Illinois

Memory Lane

What a treat to read about the Smokers' Haven blends that made a pipe smoker of me more than three decades ago. The only Smokers' Haven "old standbys" that were more interesting and individual than its tobaccos were its founders, the late and much-missed Joe Zieve and his incomparable brother-in-law, the late Sid Ritter. Both were originals, and I am delighted to see the current ownership infected with the same entrepreneurial spirit.

Just as information, the first "private label" blend for the shop was named Pedigree. From conversations that took place many years ago, I recall Joe telling me that it was his answer to Brush Creek, a high-end "drugstore" blend he favored. After they introduced Pedigree, they made Mild and Mellow, which was very close to Barking Dog. Until the 1970s, all of the other Smokers' Haven domestic blends were developed by Red Lion in conjunction with the shop.

Beginning with the Black Cavendish craze, Dark Delight, MD, Mellow-Mix and 40th Anniversary were provided by Lane Limited, as was an Englishlike blend called Dee-Licious, which was similar to Lane's After Hours. Joe and the late Herman Lane were good friends, and Smokers' Haven carried a tremendous inventory of Charatan pipes during the Lane era to supplement its stock of 10,000 GBDs.

As for Smokers' Haven's relationship with Sobranie House, I would surmise it began during World War II, when Joe Zieve went abroad. The third private label blend for the shop was Our Best Blend, which was, if not the same as, then indistinguishable from Balkan Sobranie Original Mixture. In time, Twentieth Anniversary, In-B-Tween, Cognac, Exotique and Select were added to the line of imports, as were two others, which were short-lived—Blend 10 was Twentieth Anniversary with double the ale flavoring, and Extra Rich contained cigar leaf. Greg Pease's Robusto comes very close to Extra Rich. Exotique was, I am told, Balkan Sobranie 759.

Hard as it seems to believe now, it's been 35 years since I took up the pipe as an almost required rite of passage for male college freshmen. The most popular blends then were Borkum Riff, Flying Dutchman and Cherry Cherry Blend. I gravitated to Sir Walter Raleigh at first, and I still love a good Burley, but when I entered a professor's office and smelled Smokers' Haven's Best Blend, I became a hopeless convert. Thirty-five years later, I'm still smoking and loving it!

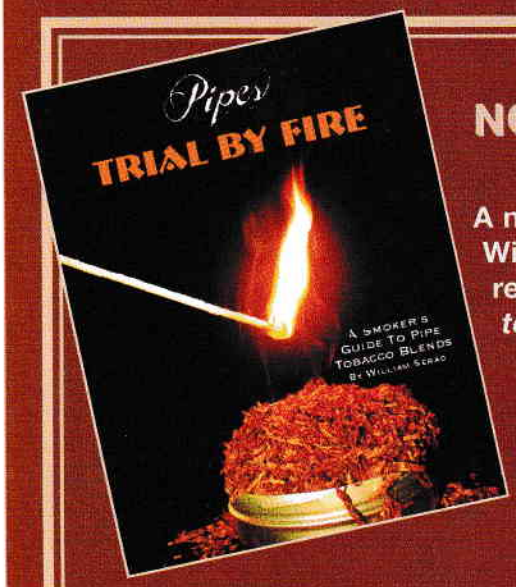
Thanks to the magazine and your reviewers in "Trial by Fire," wonderful memories came flooding back.

Just in case there are those out there who might think I'm foolish for still smoking a pipe in my 50s—my grandfather lived to be 92 years old and he smoked a pipe and cigars from the time he was in his teens, and my best friend's grandfather also lived into his 90s and was buried with a pipe in his hand. I never heard either man cough, except to clear his throat.

My friend's grandfather died first. At the funeral home, my friend, who is also a pipe smoker, asked me if I was still smoking my pipe. I answered that of course I was. He grinned and laid his hand on his grandfather's hand and said, "This ought to show you that smoking will shorten your life."

Thanks for a wonderful article. A book could be written on Joe Zieve and Smokers' Haven!

Tom Brown
Cincinnati, Ohio
P&T



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A Born Pipemaker

Tom Eltang seems to have known from the very start that he was destined to be a craftsman of fine pipes

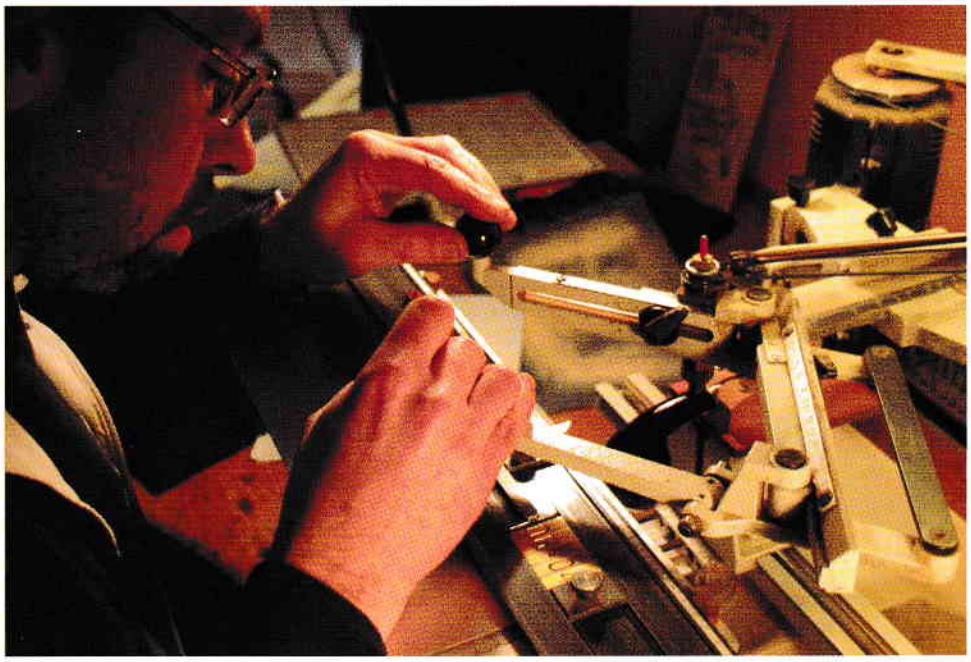
By Chuck Stanion

If Tom Eltang had become a physician instead of a pipemaker, we would probably have a cure for the common cold by now. If he'd been a car designer, we'd all be getting 100 mpg—and new cars would still have ashtrays, with magnetic field-suspended pipe holders, no less. This is a guy with so many creative solutions and original ideas that he should be working for NASA. Lucky for the pipe community, though, he has dedicated his talents to the crafting of fine smoking instruments. Eltang is an inventor, an efficiency expert and a design engineer all rolled up into the unprepossessing persona of one of the world's most respected pipemakers. He is so full of ideas, energy and enthusiasm, and his mind leaps so quickly from one idea to the next, that it's surprising he's able to make a pipe at all without springing to a new innovation in the midst of bowl shaping. However, he does manage to garner the discipline to invest all the patient time necessary into crafting his pipes, and it shows. He's just as enthusiastic about bringing out one line of grain on one small section of whatever pipe he's working on as he is in pursuing a new unheard-of design or in starting up a whole new line of pipes.

And he's always been this way about pipes. Picture this: A 6-year-old Tom Eltang stands on the sidewalk in Copenhagen, Denmark, peering into a tobacco shop display window at a magazine featuring photos of some beautiful smoking pipes. This very young Eltang looks much like the current version, except in miniature. He's thin and wiry, with arms and legs that seem independent from his torso and longer than it should comfortably accommodate. He's on his way home from kindergarten with his mother, and his large eyes dart constantly to take in all the details of his surroundings, or they stop suddenly, concentrating all of that energy inward and bringing the world around him into slow motion. He is still a year away from the eyeglasses that will eventually make him resemble a '60s-era philosophy professor at Berkeley, so the only thing between his eyes and that pipe photo is one thin pane of glass. He stares. And at that point, at that precise moment, he knows without doubt where his life will take him.

"I remember that picture very, very clearly," says Eltang. "There were some very nice pipes with yellow and black graining. I've never been able to find the original magazine, unfortunately. But I remember thinking it would really suit my temperament to make stuff like that—it must be cool, I thought, to make something like that with your own hands. And I decided right there: that's what I want to do when I grow up. I want to make pipes."

So he did. But he didn't wait until he grew up. When he was 11, he broke his leg in a car accident and needed something to pass the time while he recuperated. A rela-



Tom Eltang engraves nomenclature on a pipe.

Photo by Lars Kiel

tive bought him a predrilled briar block and stem from Pipe Dan, and Eltang finished it for his first pipe. Later on, he learned more about pipemaking from a man who worked at the community center where Eltang and his friends gathered after school, a pipemaker named Flemming. "He was known as the Rat," says Eltang. "He was always making drawings of rats on his sleeve. We never found out why." Flemming's job at the center was to help youngsters transition to working adults, and Eltang wanted to make pipes, so things fell into place.

"That was great," says Eltang. "I made some pipes there afternoons and evenings." Soon he was given a two-week tryout at the Larsen pipe factory, though he was still in school. "But I soon found that was not the right place for me." For the chores that Eltang was given, time was precious, and he was more interested in learning the details and complexities of quality pipemaking than he was in speedy efficiency. "They had a guy with a stopwatch checking production. I said to myself, 'It's a nice place, but it's sure not where I'm going to learn to make pipes the way I want to make pipes.' So after the two weeks were done, so was I. I left."

One day another man who worked at the community center asked Eltang what he hoped to do with his life. "Of course I said I was going to be a pipemaker. So he set up a meeting for me with Anne Julie." Anne Julie was the widow of pipemaker Poul Rasmussen, who had died about six years earlier. Julie was gaining a following with her artistic interpretations in briar pipes, and she maintains and broadens that reputation to this day. "It was Aug. 12, 1974," says Eltang (he's always precise like that, and somewhat compulsive with details—not a bad character trait in a pipemaker). "We went to Anne Julie with some of the pipes I had made, and I got an apprenticeship with her."

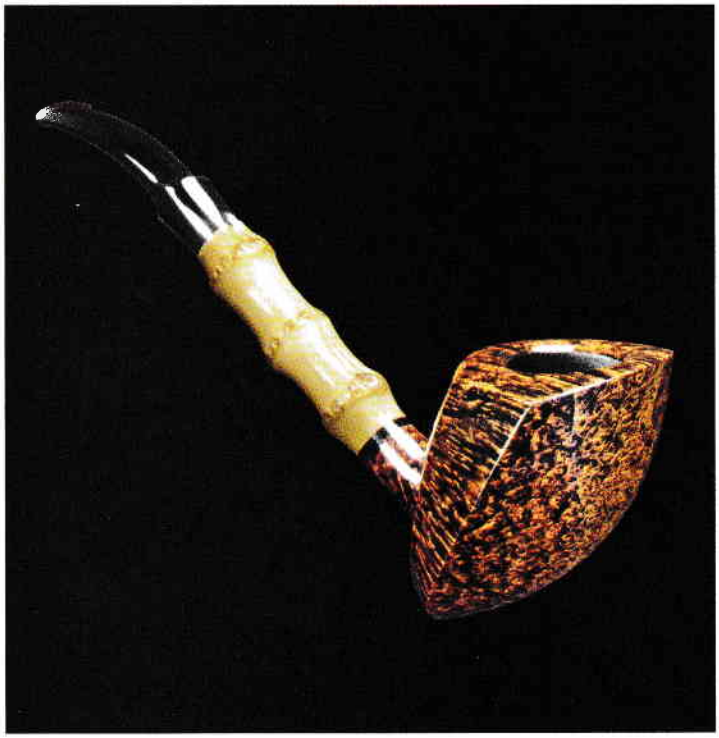
After Eltang learned his way around the shop, Julie made the shapes on the disc sander and gave the pipes to him to finish. "We made some nice pipes together," says Eltang. "Often when she was working at the disc sander, I would stop working and just sit down next to her. She taught me how to be good at the disc sander, and that's still, if you ask me, the most important part of making pipes. That's the whole creative process. She taught me a lot about proportions. There was much about the craft she couldn't teach me; I learned a lot for myself and from other people, but she taught me shapes and lines and proportion.

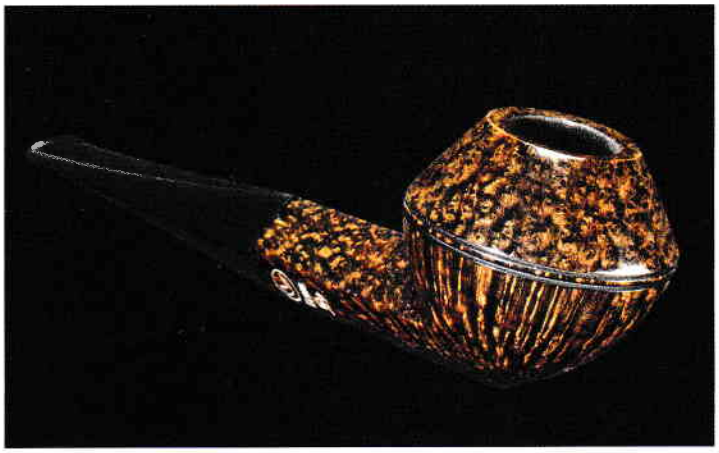
"Those are the three main things in pipemaking. The pipe is more or less just a line when you look at it in silhouette. That line has to be right, there has to be harmony and balance so it all comes together. I made a pipe recently that was just one curved line all the way around. That's great when it all adds up."

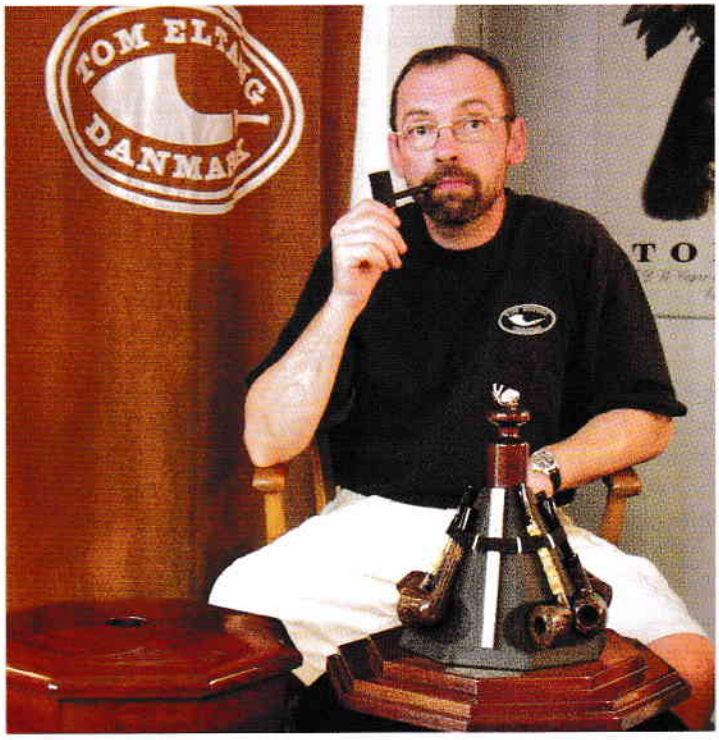
Something else he learned from Anne Julie is the golden contrast staining technique that he has become famous for. "Anne Julie and a lot of other pipemakers use it. When I was working with Stanwell, I made a whole series of the golden contrast pipes. I went down there every two weeks and picked out all the really good pieces that were suited for the color, and the company produced a golden contrast series."

The golden contrast coloring requires the use of a two-component chemical stain. "It's two nearly clear fluids," says Eltang. "The first is a little yellow and the second is a little green, but when they come together they turn very black." The necessary chemicals were recently discontinued, but Eltang went to the trouble of acquiring a toxic chemicals license and bought the required

Eltang's 2003 7-day set
(Photos by Lars Kiel)






TOM ELTANG
DANMARK

components and recipes, so he is licensed to make the stain himself now. "I think I'm the only person in the universe who is able to make that stain now," he says.

Once the stain is applied, the briar turns black. "Then I polish it very hard on the polishing machine, because it's very hard. When I was with Anne Julie, I used sandpaper and I could spend a half day or more just sanding one pipe down to get that contrast. If I take some of it down with the buffing wheel, I can cut that time down without losing any quality. The color goes deeper into the soft part of the grain, so when you take it off again the dark part is still there. The hard wood gets light and the soft wood stays black. But it's a very fine balance. There's little margin for error and that's the whole art of it. After that stage, I apply a very thin yellow stain to make it a little more flashy."

After working with Anne Julie for exactly three years ("when I was young I had a philosophy that you shouldn't stay longer than three years in one place"), Eltang took a job with Pipe Dan. "Their pipe repairman died and I was recommended to replace him. So I did repairs for Pipe Dan and was also able to make some of my own pipes while working there."

Just as many other pipemakers have discovered, Eltang found that repair work can be great experience. "It's the best way to learn," says Eltang. "Maybe not how to make a pipe, but how it works and how it doesn't work and what can go wrong. You learn from the people who say their pipes don't smoke right, you learn proportions for tenons and mortises and why they break, what smoke channel dimensions work and don't work, why a shank cracks—you learn angles and curves and dimensions." One particular conclusion for him was that people prefer thinner mouthpieces. "Pipes with thinner mouthpieces were smoked more often by their owners than those with thick mouthpieces. So the lesson was, don't make pipes with thick mouthpieces. It's very simple."

When he had been with Pipe Dan for exactly three years, he left—it was that three-years-then-quit philosophy again. This time he had no idea what to do with himself. "I went in with another friend, Kurt Hansen, who was also a pipemaker, though he wasn't making pipes at the time. He had a carpentry workshop and was doing woodworking, but he let me set up in his shop and do some pipemaking of my own."

About that time one of the pipemakers at the Stanwell pipe factory died, and Eltang started work with Stanwell. "In those days," he says, "it seemed like every time someone died, I got a new job." The position entailed doing promotional tours for Stanwell in Germany, which was a terrific market for pipes. The idea was to travel from retail shop to retail shop throughout the country and finish pipes to customer specifications. "I had a little workbench I traveled with. I would select some pipes at Stanwell that were almost done and bring them with me. People would choose one and I'd finish it there in the shop in the color they wanted, with a certificate and a special stamp and all that."

It would have been easy to sell his own pipes while he was touring Germany if he had been willing to make pipes that accommodated 9-mm filters, which most Germans insisted upon. The shops he visited for Stanwell often asked about his own pipes. "But when I told them that I don't make filter pipes, they thought that I was an arrogant bastard. And maybe I was, but I wasn't compromising. So back then I didn't sell many of my own pipes in Germany, but now that I've seen some success in the American market, the Germans are buying more of them. I think that the people smoking expensive pipes in Germany are mainly non-filter smokers now, but 20 years ago things were different."

It turned out that travel did not appeal to Eltang. "I got homesick even before I left home. I did it for three years, two weeks at a time, six times every winter, on the road in Germany. There were very nice people on those trips, but hotels, hotel food, restaurant food, too many beers, too little exercise, too much driving—I just got stressed out. One day my heart started going out of sync and I had to go to a hospital in Germany. Two days later I called home and my wife had had our second daughter. I said to myself, it has to stop here. So I stopped. Poul Winsløw took over."

But again, Eltang had learned from the experience. One of the Stanwell employees who traveled with him was particularly interested in the art and theory of salesmanship. "His name was Mr. Dersche," says Eltang. "When you are in so many shops and seeing which were selling pipes and

which were not and the ways they did that, then you learn a lot about how to handle customers and what they look for and how important it is that the guy behind the counter knows something about the pipes that he's selling. The whole idea with those promotional tours was not so much to sell pipes as it was to educate the people behind the counters. So we spent a lot of time telling the salespeople about the pipes and how we made them, so if their customers had a question, they could provide some kind of reasonable answer. The clerks felt comfortable about Stanwell pipes after we visited. There's a lot of psychology involved, and Mr. Dersche taught me about that. I'm not good at it, but I can see when people do it right and when they do it wrong. That helped me a lot and applies today in helping me choose the right people to sell my pipes."

That's still a frustrating dilemma, because Eltang cannot possibly keep up with the current demand for his pipes. "At the moment, it's absolutely crazy. I think I'm a year behind right now. Every single dealer that I have keeps calling and asking when they can expect more pipes. I have four dealers in the United States, two in Germany, and one each in Russia, Japan, Taiwan, China, Italy, Denmark and Sweden."

After his physically and mentally debilitating experience with the Stanwell promotional tours, Eltang didn't want any more travel. He went home to Denmark and, oddly enough, became a fur sorter. "Denmark is the largest producer of mink furs in the world. The furs need to be sorted by color and quality and size so they can be sold at auction. It was a very good seasonal job, but they started talking about making the seasons longer and reducing overtime, and I just wanted to earn enough money in the winter so I could make pipes in the summer, so I quit rather than work a longer season. But I'm pretty good at sorting mink; if you ever want to buy a mink coat for your wife, I can tell you if it's a good one or a bad one."

Now he decided to try making pipes full time. It was a failure, though. Business wasn't good, so he started working for a friend doing large carpentry installations—kitchens, offices, some embassies around the world and offices and homes for diplomats. "It was a good job and I saw much of the world, but I was traveling again. People always connect traveling with a swimming pool and a bar, cold drinks and fascinating people. It's not always that way. But we had some good trips. We went to Venezuela, Costa Rica, Malaysia, the old East countries like Bulgaria and Romania."

That lasted several years, during which he continued making his pipes part time. "I was making about 100 pipes a year, selling them anywhere I could. Peter Heinrich in Germany was selling them, and some Japanese dealers, and I'd sell them to people who would come in off the street. I made enough money putting up furniture so I could afford to make pipes." Then, in the fall of 1998, some Americans came to visit.

"I was just coming home from my furniture job and was going to check the workshop. It was a gray, rainy, nasty day, an ugly day, and I got a visit from the pipemaker Bjarne Nielsen. He had Steve Richmond and Marty Pulvers with him from the U.S. Marty had heard of me somehow and asked Bjarne if they could stop by, and by sheer accident I happened to be there." Eltang had only two pipes in stock at the time. "Not very good pipes, either. But we had a good talk and Steve and Marty each bought one of the pipes. Marty said if I ever wanted to sell some pipes in America, I could always send them over to him in San Francisco. After they left, I went to the harbor where some of my friends were hanging out and I said, 'Yes! I just had some Americans in the shop and they bought pipes!' So I bought a round of beers."

In the spring of 1999, Per Billhäll, who had just started his Internet site (*scandpipes.com*) asked Eltang if he would consider offering his pipes through him. "So I had Marty and Per, and then Rex Poggenpohl from Iwan Ries visited my shop for a couple of hours one day. He talked a lot with me about carefully considering who I wanted as dealers and not overselling myself. He helped me out a lot." In the summer of 2000, Philip Thompson of Uptown's was visiting the Stanwell factory and met Eltang, who still does occasional work for Stanwell. "He took a couple of my pipes back to Nashville, and Uptown's decided to start carrying my pipes, too. My first Chicago pipe show was also that year, and that really boosted my sales. No one had heard of me before, but I brought my first seven-day set of pipes and people were pretty impressed." ▶

Sometimes when bad things happen they turn out for the best, and that's what happened when Eltang was evicted from the workshop in Taarbaek that he'd been renting for the previous 11 years. "The lady who owned it died. I didn't get a new job this time; instead, the people who inherited my shop wanted more money than was reasonable. I was angry; it was terrible. Two months before I had to move I hadn't yet found another location. But by chance I stumbled over my new place in Ordrup. It was an old bakery and I remodeled it for my new shop. It took half a year to do; I used all my savings to do that, all while not making any pipes. All the money I made in the three or four years that had gone well was invested in the workshop. And I'm still spending most of the money I make on the workshop." He laughs. "It never stops."

Nomenclature

Eltang pipes are each engraved with one of five ascending grade symbols: Moon, Saturn, Star, Sun and Snail. Before the year 2000, there were no differentiating grades, except for those pipes stunning enough to receive the snail grade.

Eltang pipes are available at the following locations:

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Eltang has had plenty of experience remodeling shops and designing them for efficient use. The Ordrup shop he now occupies is his seventh workshop. "I sat down one night before starting to renovate the place and drew out where everything would be. I bought a lot of new machinery for the new shop. I have seven lathes now, it's crazy. The new sandblasting equipment is working out great, too." The shop is a pipemaker's fantasy land, with every imaginable piece of machinery, a showroom, sleeping quarters for overnight guests, a separate room for air-curing briar and a friendly and extraordinarily comfortable atmosphere.

However, now that he has this remarkable workshop, that doesn't mean he's going to coast. He's making his Eltang pipes, but he also has other pipe projects, such as the Nimbus line of pipes, which he makes with Hans "Former" Nielsen. These are pipes in a more accessible price range than most handmade pipes, machine-shaped and fitted with modified production stems, but finished by hand.

Another new line of pipes is in the development stage, this one in partnership with his old friend of 30 years ago, Kurt Hansen. These too will be machine-shaped and fitted with prefabricated acrylic production stems. "We can make a production line here in this shop," says Eltang, "without tripping over each other and having to wait to use the same machinery. I have so

much machinery now that the new pipes can be made on equipment that I don't need for my own pipemaking." This new line does not yet have a name, but "Sara Eltang Pipes" is being considered, after Eltang's daughter. "Kurt and I have been working for the past four weeks on this, and we almost have the first of 40 total processes figured out, so there's light at the end of the tunnel. Everything takes so much time."

There's always something new going on at Eltang's workshop. For 10 days this summer, the famous Japanese pipecarver Hiroyuki Tokutomi will be visiting and the two will make pipes together. "It will be interesting," says Eltang, "because he speaks no English or Danish or German or anything I can speak, but hopefully we'll communicate through the pipes. I hope to produce some double snail grades with him; he's fantastic, and his style is so different from mine. So together we'll make some TokuTang pipes."

With so many projects always brewing, it's difficult to believe that Eltang is able to continue making about 400 pipes a year. He can only do so, however, by working incredible hours and rarely taking a day off. But he doesn't consider it work. One of Eltang's most commonly uttered phrases is: "It's great to be a pipemaker!" He loves his craft and has no plans to retire at any age. "I'll always be a pipemaker. I'm going to die sitting at the disc sander. My head will fall into the machinery and they'll find me sitting there in the shop, headless. That's the plan, anyway."

Of particular interest is the percentage of high-grade pipes that Eltang is able to manufacture. Of his 400 yearly pipes, Eltang estimates that 30 or 40 are snails, his highest grade. It's an excellent percentage, but then, Eltang gets very good briar. "Part of my deal with Stanwell," he admits, "is that I can cherry pick from the briar at the factory. It's very nice."

Even back in his Pipe Dan days, Eltang's pipes have always been stamped with his name, but the nomenclature changed a few years ago to include five different grades. "The Americans like that," he says. "And I started engraving the nomenclature instead of stamping it. I still have my stamp and use it on bamboo shanks or on pipes where there is not enough room for the engraving. The different grades started in 2000. Americans seem to love grades. I was actually against it, and still am, and one day I will decide that only Eltangs or snails will be made, and nothing in between. If you can't see from the pipe that it's a nice pipe, the grading isn't going to make it nicer. But if people really want different grades, I'm willing—for a little while longer, anyway."

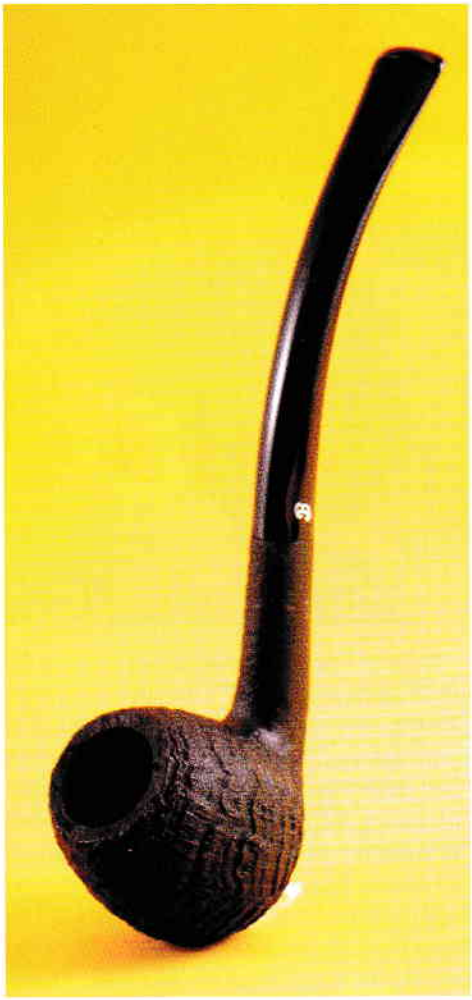
Crediting current modes of communication, Eltang is thankful to be a pipemaker in this modern age. He believes that at no other time in history have there been better

and more artistic pipes available for the collector and smoker. "The Internet, pipe shows, this magazine, they all help. We pipemakers are able to see each other's work and gain inspiration. And we steal a little idea here or there. If somebody does something better than me, I always try to get up to speed. It's not competition; it's just an ambition to do the best work possible. The goal must always be to make the next pipe a little bit better than the last one." ***P&T***

Dutch Masters

Elbert Gubbels & Zonen's Royal Dutch Pipe Factory makes pipes that are fit for royalty

by Stephen A. Ross



Big Ben—the 316-foot-high clock tower that soars above Great Britain's Houses of Parliament—has become one of London's most recognizable landmarks. The bell's deep, sonorous tone, marking the passing of time since construction on the tower was completed in 1859, has been a reassuring presence to Londoners through two World Wars and other crises. Hearing the bell, a person squares his shoulders, straightens his back and stiffens his lip, ready to encounter all that the world can throw at him. In short, it has become a perfect symbol of Britain itself—resolute and determined, unafraid to tackle big challenges.

While you can't tell time with Big Ben pipes, you can very comfortably pass time with them. Named for the quintessential British icon, Big Ben pipes aspire to be the quintessential English pipe. However, Big Ben pipes aren't made near Trafalgar Square or the River Thames. Instead, they are made in the land of windmills and wooden shoes by Elbert Gubbels & Zonen in Roermond, Netherlands.

Located on Roermond's outskirts, Elbert Gubbels & Zonen is a company that is proud of its history while ardently striving onward. Established in 1870 as a retail shop specializing in men's accessories and tobacco products, Elbert Gubbels & Zonen has remained a family-owned business for 135 years. The company has survived by being innovative. In 1924, Elbert Gubbels transformed the business into a wholesaler of pipes and other tobacco products. During World War II, the company ceased operations because it was virtually impossible to obtain pipes. At war's end, Gubbels sought to end his company's dependence on foreign suppliers and established a pipe factory in Roermond.

In 1972, a little more than 100 years after Elbert Gubbels & Zonen was established, the company received the right to use the predicate "Royal Dutch Pipe Factory" from Queen Juliana. A great honor, the predicate is bestowed by the Dutch royal family to recognize a company's position as leader in its field and within its community. There are approximately 100 companies in Holland that may use the predicate in their trademarks.

Today, the Royal Dutch Pipe Factory is housed in a long, single-story

brick-and-stone structure with "Gubbels" in giant red letters adorning the front. Elbert Gubbels, representing the fourth generation of the family to be involved in the business, and Marc van Vlodrop, the husband of Gubbels' niece, run the company's daily operations.

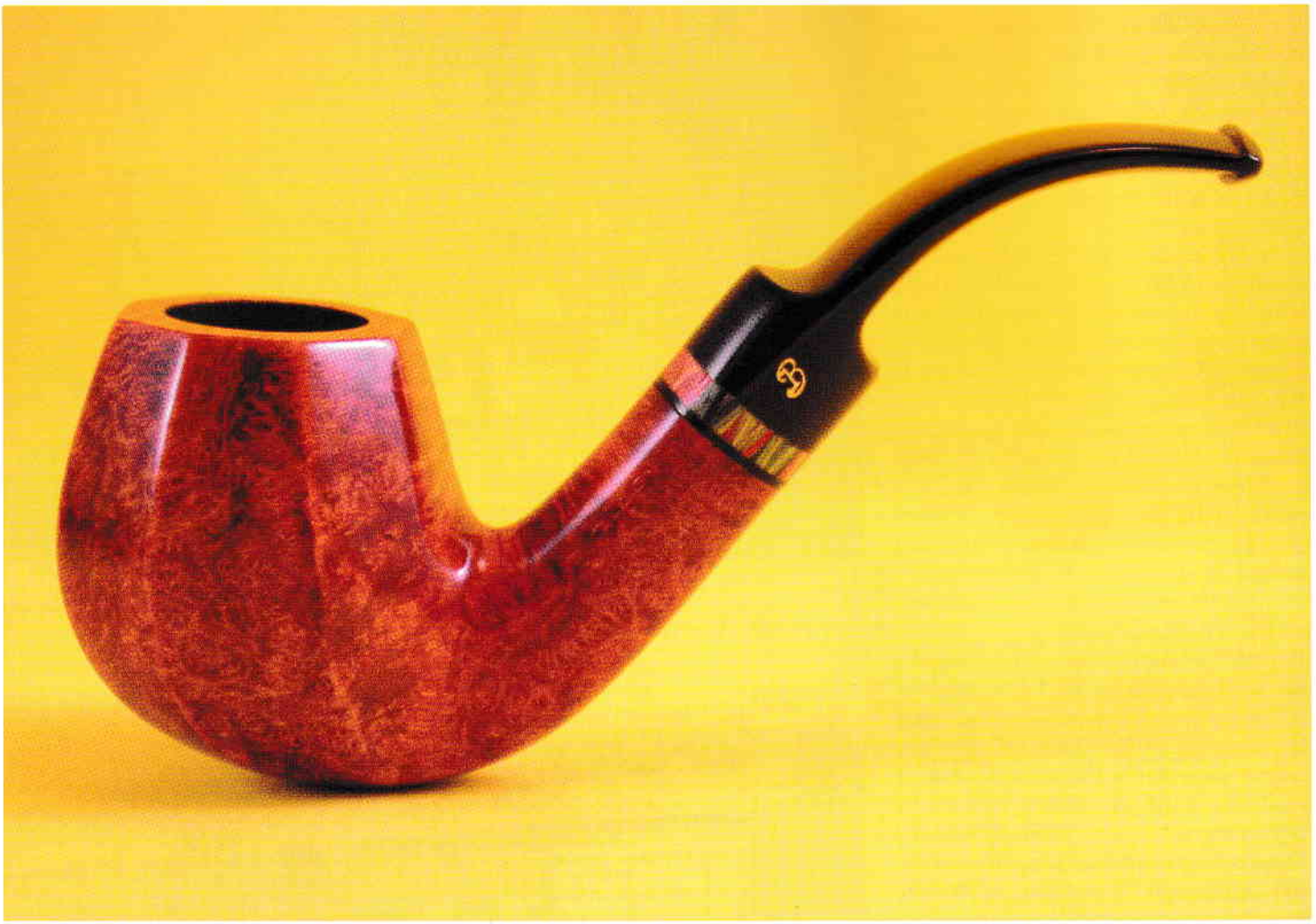
In his late 30s, Gubbels is a good-natured man who is easily likeable. Along with bearing the family name, Gubbels oversees the company's distribution in Europe. A little older, van Vlodrop is tall, lanky and urbanely dressed. It is van Vlodrop's responsibility to oversee exports to markets outside Europe.

Elbert Gubbels & Zonen has been making Big Ben pipes since it purchased the brand in the 1950s and moved production to Holland.

The Royal Dutch Pipe Factory, which also makes other pipes, such as Porsche Design, Hilson and Bugatti, has been designed to facilitate the step-by-step process of pipe manufacturing by arranging the tasks in adjacent rooms. In other words, it's possible to easily trace the pipemaking process by beginning at the first room, where the briar is stored, and walking from room to room to the final room, where the finished pipes are stored awaiting shipment. Each room is an almost entirely self-contained entity, with employees performing only one step in the pipemaking process. In almost every room, a radio blasting American oldies competes with the sound of the factory's machinery.

The Royal Dutch Pipe Factory obtains briar from many different countries in the Mediterranean region. The higher-grade Big Ben pipes—such as those in the Viking series or those produced as a Pipe of the Year—as well as the Porsche Design pipes are made using plateau briar. The rest of the pipes are made using extra-grade briar. When a shipment arrives, the briar is taken from the truck and placed in a specially humidified room, which is one of the first steps the factory takes to streamline its manufacturing process.

"We take about 30 steps to make a pipe from the time the briar enters the factory to the time a finished pipe leaves the factory. This is where it begins. I call this room the sauna because we can control both the temperature and the humidity within," van Vlodrop



says. "Before we built this room, it would take two or three years to season the briar. By controlling the temperature and humidity, we have reduced the time for drying the wood to about two months. Thereafter, the wood is sorted by size and stored in iron containers in a dark room without any heating."

When it's time to use the briar, it is taken from the dark room and removed from the iron container. Each block is placed on a conveyor. The briar travels down the conveyor and is sorted by size, largest to smallest. When it has been sorted, it's shunted into a bin. The conveyor sorts a bag of briar in minutes.

"All the briar is sorted using this machine," van Vlodrop says. "It allows us to select the proper size for our production order of the day by feeding the dimensions we need into a computer, which tells the machine what to select."

Once the briar has been selected, it is taken to several saws nearby. One at a time, the blocks are taken from a bin, secured onto a platform and then cut by hand to ensure that all the blocks have the same dimensions. Circular saw bits are placed on the wall behind the saws. The bits, containing a number of blades, have been custom-made to fit the shapes that the Royal Dutch Pipe Factory produces.

"All the blocks must be the same dimension when they are placed onto the fraising machine," van Vlodrop explains. "Otherwise, it would be impossible to ensure that the bowl would be at the center of the block."

After an ebauchon has been pared down, it is placed onto a lathe, where the tobacco chamber and airhole are drilled. Once the holes have been made, the block is ready for the fraising machine.

The Royal Dutch Pipe Factory has two fraising machines, each of which can cut eight pipes at the same time, following a model. All Big Ben pipes are shaped on these machines. The drilled tobacco chamber of each block is slid onto a stud, which is connected to machinery that turns the stud while eight circular saws rise to cut the shape that's required. The process takes about five minutes.

"The only things you have to do are place the model onto the center stud, which reads the shape you're looking for, place the blocks onto the other studs, push the button and wait," van Vlodrop says.

Having such a mechanized process benefits both the Royal Dutch Pipe Factory and its customers, according to van Vlodrop. "Many of these processes used to be done by hand, but then we experienced problems finding enough skilled people to keep up with demand. In the old days, we needed six different stages just to turn the blocks. These innovations allow us to cut our production costs and pass along better value for the money for a Big Ben pipe. In the last couple of years, we've begun manufacturing Porsche Design pipes, but we typically describe our pipes as being Volkswagen and Audi pipes. You can say that we are in the middle price range."

After the shapes have been cut, the bowls are taken into the adjacent room,

where the sanding process begins. Sanding remains one of the few tasks entirely performed by humans at the Royal Dutch Pipe Factory. About a dozen employees work to smooth the wood's rough surface before the first stain is applied.

The pipes undergo several stages of sanding and staining, and flaws in the wood are covered using a proprietary putty. Midway through the process, a mouthpiece is fitted to the pipe.

The Royal Dutch Pipe Factory purchases all of its mouthpieces. The factory drills the airholes and shapes the mortise and tenon connections. Most pipes produced by the Royal Dutch Pipe Factory are designed to accommodate 9-millimeter charcoal filters. However, some unfiltered Big Ben pipes, such as those in the President and Classic lines, are now being made especially for the American market.

Nearly all of the Big Ben pipes exported to the United States are available in both nonfiltered and filtered forms. The Pipo and Ranger pipes feature removable metal filters. Pipes in the Albertson line have a removable aluminum filter system. Pipes in the Stone, Barbados and Club lines are available fitted for 9-millimeter filters.

Van Vlodrop says that 80 percent of Big Ben pipes have acrylic mouthpieces. "Acrylic is a little more expensive, but we think it has so many more benefits for the customer. Acrylic mouthpieces don't change color, and they always stay fresh and have a neutral taste. We use vulcanite mouthpieces for our less expensive brands."

Acrylic mouthpieces also present more opportunities to produce more varieties of pipes, because acrylic can be produced in different colors.

"You can have transparent mouthpieces. Even brown and gray ones are possible. They can make a pipe completely different, which is important, because the pipe is an extension of someone's personality. Even if a person isn't a pipe smoker, there will always be a pipe that will fit his personality. By the same token, you can recognize a person's personality to a certain extent by the pipe he smokes. We have pipes that change color, we have different shapes, and we can adorn the pipes with silver bands, different types of wood or with bamboo. We use different colors [for] stains. Having so much variety is really the biggest part of the beauty of pipes. We are a very innovative company, and we always strive to produce new shapes to accompany our classic models. Our air regulation system and the color pipes are proof of our creativity."

The pipes are also graded before the finishing process has been completed. Big Ben pipes are graded by the quality of the grain and the number of flaws in the wood.

"We cannot set the grade in advance. The grain and flaws in the bowl decide what sort of quality it will be. You must have a very precise eye for this—you must decide in 10 seconds. The difference is only on the outside of the wood, though. The same engineering goes into all of our pipes. We don't do sandblast pipes very much because we don't think of them as being lower in quality than smooth pipes. They have a different quality and they are beautiful for a different reason. No one would say that a Dunhill Shell is a low-quality pipe. We would rather stain pipes with a lot of flaws or with poor

grain a different color, such as black, red or green or what is seen in our Stone series. We have some very nice sandblasts. If the wood allows it, we always want to have a plain surface on top, because we think that it's more sophisticated and luxurious. We rarely do rustication, but it's not as popular as our sandblasted and smooth pipes."

The Royal Dutch Pipe Factory does not include grade stamps on its pipes. The factory grades its pipes for the series that it produces. A few series, such as Viking and Pipe of the Year, are made using plateau briar. The rest are made with extra-grade briar, the best examples of which are placed in the Classic and Presidential lines. Briar that has many flaws or poor grain quality is placed in the Pipo, Ranger, Stone, Barbados and Club lines.

The final steps include application of a carbon coating on the walls of the tobacco chamber and placement of stamps on the pipes. Every Big Ben pipe, with the exception of those in the Albertson line, features a stylized cursive B stamped onto the mouthpiece. It's a classic-looking symbol for a line that aspires to produce classic pipes as well as modern pipes. The quintessential British landmark Big Ben would do well to pass the time enjoying one of the pipes that bears its name. ***P&T***

Big Ben pipes are available at retailers everywhere. To locate your nearest dealer, contact Music City Marketing at 477 McNally Dr., Nashville, TN 37211; phone: 800.251.3016; fax: 615.331.8041; e-mail: custserv@musiccitymarketing.com; *Web site:* www.musiccitymarketing.com.

Elbert Gubbels and Marc van Vlodrop

Jos Gubbels, the former owner and managing director of the Royal Dutch Pipe Factory, passed away on April 5, 2005. He was 68 years old. Taking over the family firm in the 1960s, Jos and his brother Fons built the business into an internationally respected company before handing it over to Elbert Gubbels and Marc van Vlodrop.

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In Good Taste

Germany's Karl-Heinz Joura meticulously crafts each pipe, combining beauty with unparalleled smoking quality

By Stephen A. Ross

Located in northwestern Germany, Bremen and Bremerhaven have enjoyed a long association with the sea. Situated on the River Weser, the cities are Germany's second-largest port, behind only Hamburg. Bremen's merchants and fishermen have profited from their proximity to the North Sea since the city's founding more than 1,200 years ago, and today, maritime trade remains an important part of the lives of the area's 700,000 residents.

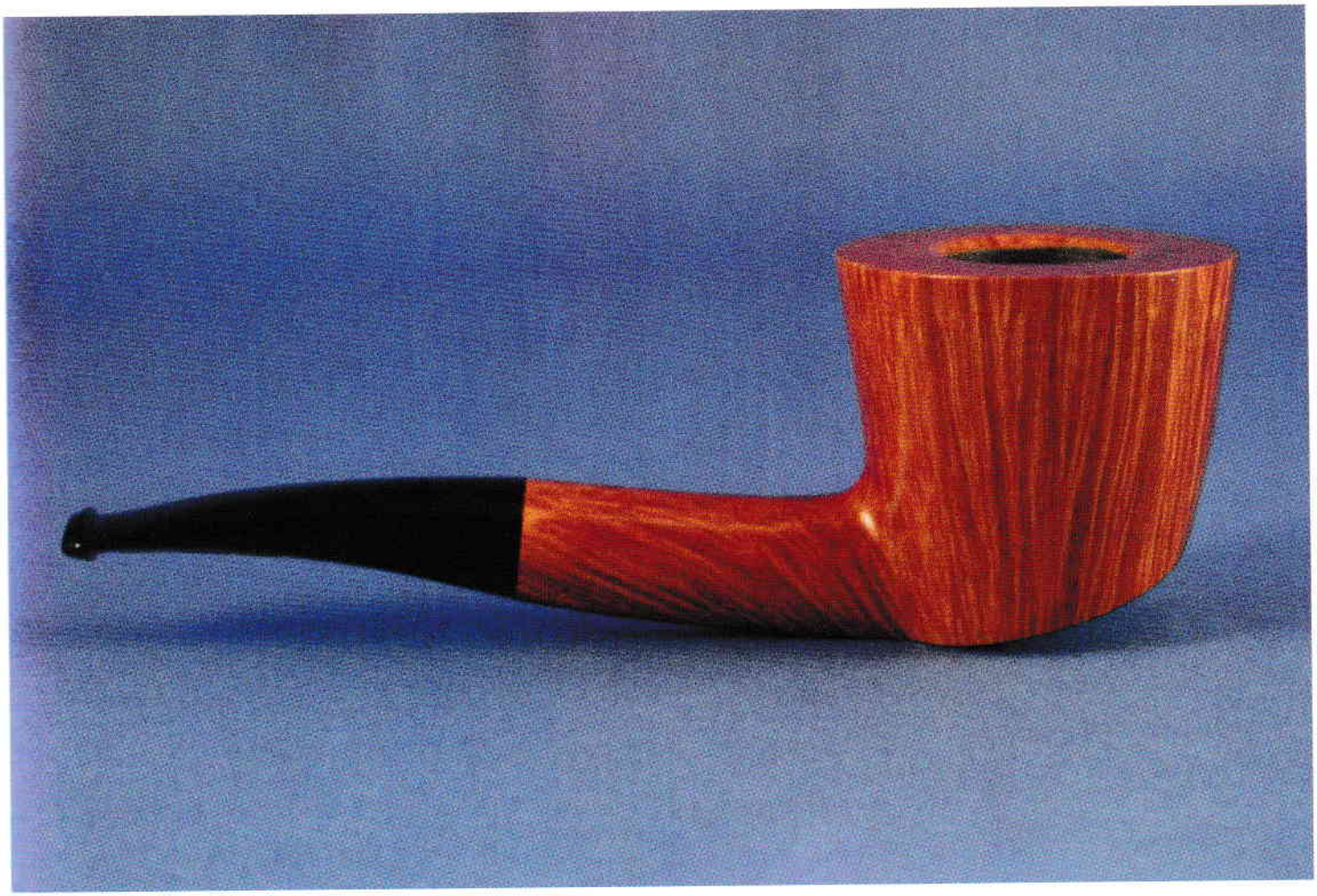
For most of Bremen's citizens, the sea means prosperity. For one resident, however, pipemaker Karl-Heinz Joura, it brings additional meaning—freedom.

Born in Bohemia, in present-day Czechoslovakia, in 1942, Joura and his family found themselves in eastern Germany in the waning days of World War II. Raised on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain, Joura became a world-class amateur diver for the East German diving team, a position that brought fame as well as knowledge of better opportunities in the West.

Wishing for a better life, Joura attempted his escape during perhaps the iciest period in the history of the Cold War. In 1961, he had already made two attempts to come to the West when he and a friend decided to travel to an East German port on the Baltic Sea to make a third try. They watched a ship from the docks and learned the schedules of its guards and the police who patrolled it for stowaways. When they knew that no one would be on board, they sneaked onto it and hid themselves in the cargo hold. Fortunately for Joura and his friend, the police patrol did not include dogs, and so they remained undetected. The ship left and several days later docked in Kiel, West Germany.

Joura's friends on the West German diving team sponsored him upon his arrival in Kiel. They found him a flat and work in one of the dockyards, where he worked with machines. Eventually, he moved to Bremen, where he parlayed his career as an amateur diver into a career as a physical education teacher before becoming a well-known pipemaker.

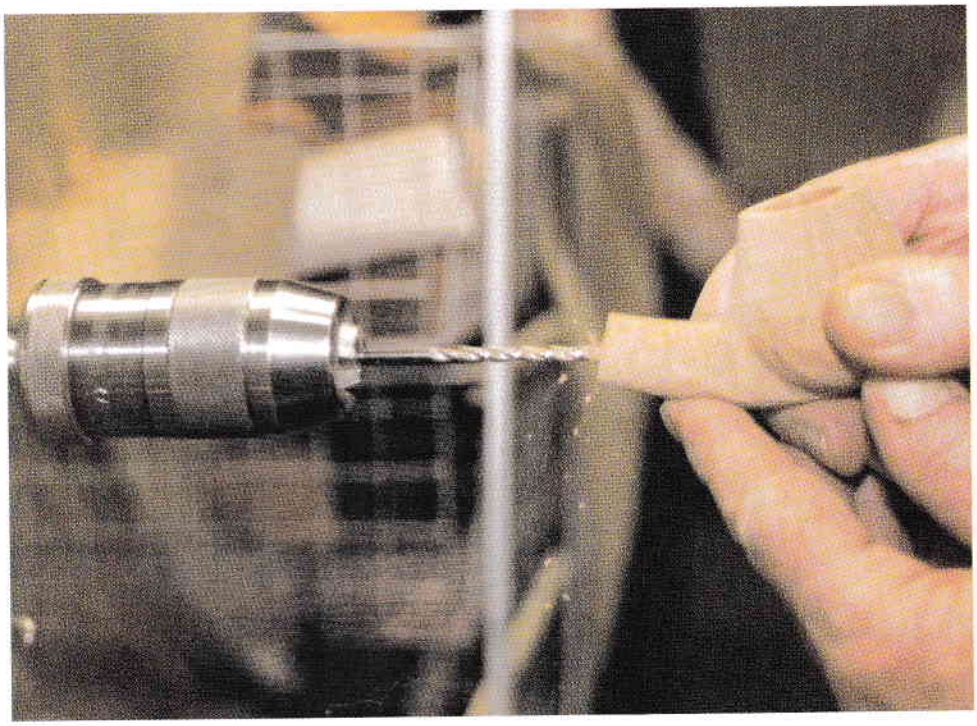
More than 40 years after escaping Communist East Germany, Joura has built a nice life for himself. Known as Karlo to his friends, Joura maintains a fit and powerful physique. Despite a ruddy complexion, his craggy face looks like it has been chiseled from granite. He understands some English but speaks very little of it, relying on his daughters, Kim and Coco, to translate. He is comfortably seated at a circular coffee table in the living room of the three-story home



that he shares with Coco; his son, Fabian; their mother, Ginny; and the rest of her family. The home, located near Bremen's train station, is large and comfortable, with high ceilings and big windows adorned with thick, deep red drapes.

He speaks thoughtfully and slowly. Typically, when he is asked a question, he leans back in his chair, crosses his arms and stretches his legs. He takes several puffs from his pipe, considering his response. If the answer is yes, he responds, "Jaaa, jaaaaa," the second "ja" longer, with a rising inflection. He is a patient man, one who considers the weight words can have. He is also someone who demands a higher standard for himself—a standard that must have been instilled within him during his days as an amateur diver.

Patience and determination to maintain a higher standard are two characteristics that are particularly worthwhile in the profession of pipemaking, but Joura also has tremendous fun making pipes. His love for pipemaking inspires his creativity, driving him to make pipes that have become known for their engineering precision and smooth, naturally flowing shapes.



According to Joura, he has always had an interest in pipes. To illustrate his point, he rises from his chair and goes into another room. A few moments later, he reappears holding a framed 8-by-10 photograph of him when he was very young—maybe three years old—with his grandfather's pipe in his mouth. He laughs at the image, his face turning a little red. "Of course, I didn't smoke my first pipe until 1970."

Either from a connection with his grandfather, pure enjoyment or both,

Joura became a passionate pipe smoker and collector. He favored smooth pipes that showcased the wood's natural beauty, but it wasn't until a trip to Basel, Switzerland, in 1974 that he decided to try to make his first pipe.

"I saw two beautiful pipes sitting in a shop window," he says. "They were the most stunning pipes I had seen up to that point. I returned to that window three times that day just to look at them, but I knew that I could not afford them."

On his return home, Joura bought some briar and began to make his first pipe. Initially, he didn't think that making a pipe would be difficult, but he quickly learned otherwise.

"My first pipes were not very good," he says. "I had no equipment, so I made the machines myself." Joura pauses a moment, searching for the right word. He consults with Coco in German, but she can't provide the word he seeks. Joura then makes a noise, simulating the sound of a drill, to explain the machines he needed.

After securing the necessary machines and making several pipes, Joura's ability improved. He noticed that many of his fellow teachers at school smoked pipes and he soon felt comfortable enough to sell them at the school.

Joura's pipemaking skills have improved considerably since his early days, and today his pipes are known for beautiful, natural forms influenced by English styles. Joura rarely uses dark stains, preferring lighter colors to showcase the briar's innate beauty. He also is known for never using putties or fills to cover flaws in the wood.

"The most difficult aspect I learned about pipemaking is how to make a pipe taste great," he says. "The secret to a great-tasting pipe is the wood, the engineering and the mouthpiece."

Knowing that his last statement wasn't exactly very revealing or profound, Joura refuses to reveal any of his secrets. He smiles and says, "A collector in Basel who is a wine connoisseur likes my pipes. He has a very well-developed palate, so he should know. He says that he buys Bo Nordh pipes to admire but he buys my pipes to smoke." Joura concludes, good-naturedly, "Do you really think I want to let everyone know all of my secrets?"

Joura uses briar from Corsica, Sardinia and southern France, which he ages for at least a year and a half before using

them. Joura prefers Sardinian briar because he believes it has the potential to make the best-tasting pipes and that it's lighter than other woods. "The whiter the wood, the better," he says. "White wood smokes drier than darker wood, and that provides better taste."

When starting to make a pipe, Joura studies the grain, deciding how to best utilize the wood to create a pipe that flows with the contour of the grain. However, Joura doesn't let the grain completely dictate how the pipe will look. "I always make freehand pipes," he says. "But I prefer to make variations of the classical English shapes. I think that smokers are happier with these shapes than some of the crazy shapes that I have seen."

Joura constantly monitors his progress, checking each bowl throughout the carving and sanding process. If a flaw appears, he might change the pipe's shape or attempt to sand it out. If the flaw becomes too big, Joura will stop working on the pipe. On average, Joura says that he throws out six blocks for every pipe he makes.

"The most frustrating thing about pipemaking is finding a small flaw in what otherwise would be a dream pipe," he says. "I'll try to sand it away and it becomes bigger and I'll eventually have to throw it out. But it's very typical to have to throw away beautiful wood. I don't do too much sandblasting—only 50 pipes in the last 30 years—and I don't do rustication. Almost all of my pipes are smooth."

Joura is one of the few pipemakers who refuses to rely on placing a bowl into a vice or lathe to drill the air hole and to-

bacco chamber, preferring to hold it in his hands when doing the drilling. Joura believes that holding the bowl in his hands allows him to have a better feel for the pipe and improve its engineering. The tobacco chamber depth varies depending on the shape of the pipe, but Joura always drills his air hole to 4.2 mm.

"Rick Newcombe believes that 4.5 mm is best, and other pipemakers drill it to 4.0 mm," he says. "I take the middle ground because I think 4.2 mm is better-tasting because it won't burn as hot as a 4.5-mm air channel."

According to Joura, the mouthpiece is how the worth of a pipemaker is determined. "The first thing I look at when judging another person's pipe is the mouthpiece." He again rises from his chair and goes into another room. He comes back holding two of his pipes.

"Of course, you must consider the engineering," he says. "How thin is the mouthpiece? Is the channel at the lip good and smooth? Will a pipe cleaner go all the way to the bowl? But the mark of a really good pipemaker is his ability to unite the two separate parts—bowl and mouthpiece—to create a harmonious single pipe. It should look seamless with smooth, flowing lines. It should look like something that you might find in nature."

The quality of a pipe is judged by the sum of its three separate parts—wood, engineering and mouthpiece. Joura has built a well-earned reputation for melding them into an almost organic unit. Combining his steady hand and his eye for harmony, Joura consistently strives to produce pipes that are in good taste. ***P&T***

Nomenclature

Joura makes about 150 pipes a year. Approximately 60 of them are shipped to the United States, and the rest are sold in Switzerland and Germany. Only five percent of his annual production is fitted for 9-mm filters.

Joura stamps his pipes "Joura." In the past, Joura also stamped them with the word "Freehand," but he has ended this practice. He also frequently marked the mouthpieces of his higher-grade pipes with a gold signature mark. Joura also imprints each pipe with a symbol representing the origin of the briar that he used to make the pipe. Joura pipes that are stamped with a star come from Corsica. Sardinian briar is distinguished with a tobacco plant stamp. A tobacco leaf adorns Joura pipes that are made using briar from southern France.

In addition to these stamps, Joura also stamps each pipe according to grade. They are graded by finish and grain in the following ascending manner:

666 (Sandblast, Joura has made only 50 of them in more than 30 years of pipemaking)
8
9
A

Infinity Series: Better quality grades than the pipes listed above. The Infinity Series grades ascend with the alphabet with ⊠A being the lowest and ⊠E being the highest.
⊠A
⊠B
⊠C
⊠D
⊠E

Kings Pipe: Extremely rare pipes that have perfect grain. On average, Joura produces only one Kings Pipe every 10 years.
⊠O

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A Canadian Secret

Canadian pipemaker John Calich is a secret worth discovering

By Jim Wagner

For more than 45 years, pipemaker John Calich has been engaged in a labor of love, crafting high-quality smoking pipes by hand in the basement workshop of his Mississauga, Ontario, home. At 76 years old, Calich is still actively making pipes and continuing to perfect his craftsmanship. His pipes have appeared in a Hollywood film, and his skill as a pipemaker has been touted by journalists and other pipe carvers alike. Yet, strangely, he largely remains a Canadian secret.

Calich's home is located on the Credit River in Mississauga. His workshop, situated in a corner of his basement, is roughly divided into two portions. On one side is a workbench with tools where he makes his pipes. On the other side is another workbench that he calls his "tobacco cellar," where dozens of tins, some of which haven't been produced for decades, age.

Calich has loved pipes and pipe tobaccos for most of his life. When he was a boy growing up in Winnipeg, Manitoba, he had an uncle who lived in the United States and occasionally visited Calich and his family. On his visits, the uncle always carried a few pipes and a one-pound can of Prince Albert tobacco. Whenever the opportunity arose, the young Calich opened his uncle's can of tobacco and inhaled deeply, savoring the delicious aroma. "That's probably when it all began," he says while filling his pipe with John Cotton's No. 1.

He became a pipe smoker during his late teens, but it wasn't until he moved to Mississauga with his wife, Anita, that Calich started making pipes. Calich had bought a lathe and other woodworking tools to make furniture, but he became intrigued with the challenge of making his own pipe. He drove to the Brigham pipe factory in nearby Toronto, where he was able to purchase a few briar blocks. Calich took them home and carved his first pipes using his lathe and hand chisels—tools that he still uses. "I didn't know that my whim would turn into a lifelong career," he says. "Those first pipes didn't look very good, but with time, patience and experience, I learned how to improve."

Calich's skill improved to such a point that he began attracting the attention of discriminating pipe collectors and pipemakers. French pipemaker Jean La Croix sought a meeting with Calich after seeing some of his pipes in a Toronto pipe shop. "He didn't speak English and I didn't speak French, so we needed an interpreter," Calich says. "La Croix laughed when he saw me shape a pipe using the lathe and hand chisel and told me that it reminded him of the way his own grandfather had made pipes." According to Calich, the meeting ended with La Croix examining some of his pipes. "He told me that they had just one problem," Calich says, while a wreath of blue tobacco smoke circles above his

head. "He said, 'Your pipes are priced too low.'"

Consulting with other pipemakers and learning as much as he can about his craft has been Calich's modus operandi for years. He is a longtime reader of *The Pipe Smoker's Ephemeris* and has a large section in his library that's devoted to literature on pipes and tobaccos.

He is also an inveterate traveler. He has explored New York City in search of good sources of briar. He also traveled to Louisiana to learn about Perique tobacco. While in New Orleans, Calich found an older gentleman sweeping the sidewalk in front of a church. He asked the man about Perique tobacco and was told, "It's out across the river in St. James Parrish." The man gave him directions to a small tobacco museum located in a house there. A young attendant at the museum listened to Calich's request to learn about Perique and called the factory. "There's a gentleman from Canada here," she said on the phone, "who would very much like to see the tobacco operation."

"She just called them," says Calich. "They were very nice people. They agreed to take me around the factory and explain the process of making Perique. At the end of the tour, they gave me a large chunk of Perique that weighed several pounds. I still have some of it and when I want some, I grind a bit off of the chunk using a coffee mill."

Conferences with other pipemakers and a dedication to the study of his craft have allowed Calich to make pipes that are recognized for their high degree of engineering skill. He is vigilant about making sure that the shank and stem meet perfectly and that airways are aligned. "You can take some high-grade pipes, hold them up to the light and see light appear in a small crack between the stem and the shank," he says, somewhat incredulously. "If the stem and

shank don't perfectly meet, then the stem will flex a little bit, which could make the tenon break."

His pipes are made from Greek, Italian or Corsican briar. The vulcanite stems that Calich uses come from Germany and France, and the pearlized Lucite that he uses for some of his pipes comes from Italy. Occasionally, Calich adorns his pipes with bamboo, or with gold and silver rings that he purchased from a friend who is a jeweler. Of course, every Calich pipe contains a bit of silver because Calich inserts a distinctive sterling silver spot on the stem.

Calich makes both classical shapes and freehand pipes. After making pipes for nearly a half century, Calich says that he can easily read the briars' grain and rarely does he have to wet or sand the blocks to make the grain more visible. "If I'm making a standard shape, I'll pick a block that suits my needs," he says. "Sometimes a pipe's shape is dictated by the grain."

Sometimes the grain is great in some areas and weak in others. Calich has perfected a rustication method that allows him to keep the good areas smooth and rusticate the bad areas using high-speed cutters of his own design and manufacture. Although his rustication draws compliments from admirers, Calich insists that pipe smokers shouldn't let pipemakers fool them. "They may say that their pipes are rusticated to make them lighter or to make them look more attractive and rugged, but I guarantee you that they are rusticated to hide flaws and weak grain in the wood. Every pipemaker would make 95 percent smooth pipes if he could."

Calich finds himself drawn to making Dublin and Lovat shapes, perhaps because they are his two favorite shapes to smoke. He can make classically inspired pipes in as little as four to eight hours, while an intricate piece or some of his high-end pipes may take several days to complete.

One of the more interesting freehand pipes Calich has made is a custom-ordered set of pipes made to look like sleighs for a holiday-themed movie that was being produced in the Toronto area. Every year as the holiday season approaches, Calich scans the TV listings to see when the movie will appear. "I get a bit of an ego trip every time I see my pipes in the movie," he says. "Having one of your creations seen by millions of people is a dream come true."

He used to make and sell pipes 16 hours a day, seven days a week, but Calich says that those days are long gone. He remains an active member of Burlington, Ontario's Golden Horse Shoe Pipe Club, and he has carved special club pipes for it and the now-defunct Toronto Pipe Club, but today, he makes pipes for relaxation instead of a career. "Pipemaking is my recreation," he says. "If I didn't have that, then I wouldn't know what to do with myself."

In Canada, Calich pipes have become recognized as outstanding smokers with craftsmanship that surpasses other, more expensive high-grade pipes. His pipes have appeared in a movie starring Jack Palance, called *I'll Be Home for Christmas*, and he finds it fun to watch for it on television and see his pipes on the screen. "Unfortunately," says Calich, "the pipe-smoking character in the film gives up his pipes. But it's still fun to see." Calich's excellence as a pipemaker is recognized by his peers and public the world over. Strange how, with all this, Calich's handmade pipes remain a bit of a Canadian secret. ***P&T***

Calich pipes are available for purchase at several Toronto-area shops, the Web site at www.pipes2smoke.com, *or by contacting Calich directly at 3572 Credit Woodlands, Mississauga, Ontario, Canada L5C 2K6; phone: 905.277.9192. Calich strongly encourages potential buyers to set an appointment to purchase pipes or discuss custom work or repair.*

Nomenclature

Calich makes approximately 200 pipes a year, of which 20 percent come to the U.S., 75 percent remain in Canada, and five percent sell in Japan.

In his early years, Calich graded his pipes from 1 to 17, with 1 being the lowest grade and 17 being the top grade. Today, he grades his pipes from one "E" to 10 "E"s. Thus, the lowest-grade pipe would be marked "E" and the highest grade would be marked "EEEEEEEEEE." All Calich pipes are stamped:

Calich
hand-made
Made in Canada

The year of manufacture and the grade appear to the right of the stamp. The 10 E pipes are extremely rare, occurring on average once every three or four years.

Pipe Stands

Mitchell Thomas offers a full selection of solid-wood pipe stands that hold one, two, three, six, eight, 12, 18 or 24 pipes, as well as a six-pipe stand that's designed specially for churchwardens.

Mitchell Thomas also carries a complete selection of pipes, tobacco pouches, pipe travel bags, pipe tools and tobacco humidors. To find a dealer near you, contact Mitchell Thomas Trading Co., 4387 Westgrove Dr., Addison, TX 75001; phone: 877.869.4557; fax: 972.380.2418; e-mail: *jeffabel@earthlink.net*.

Radice Tampers

The Radice family, famous for producing beautiful Italian pipes, is now producing shell casing tampers made by using unspent brass shell casings and exotic woods and acrylics. Most of the tampers are .45 caliber, but some .40-caliber tampers are also available. Each tamper features the Radice logo on the wood or acrylic extension, and "Radice" is stamped onto the brass shell casing.

Radice pipes and tampers are available at your local tobacconist. To find your nearest Radice dealer, contact R.D. Field LLC at 935 Caledonia St., Philadelphia, PA 19128; phone: 866.733.4353; fax: 215.508.5964; Web site: *www.rdfield.com*.

Rad Davis Handmade Pipes

A student of Mark Tinsky, Rad Davis began making pipes in 2003. Using Grecian Plateau Briar supplied by Tinsky, Davis currently makes 200 to 300 pipes per year in his shop in Foley, Ala. Davis employs both hand-cut ebonite/Cumberland stems and molded vulcanite stems for his pipes.

Rad Davis pipes are available at several fine tobacconists, including Sierra Smoke Shop, Merced, Calif.; City Tobacco Co., Edwardsville, Pa.; and Smokers' Haven, Columbus, Ohio. To find out more, visit his Web site at *www.raddavispipes.com*.

Radice Pipes

Since the beginning of 2005, the Radice family has been producing pipes that feature high-quality, hand-cut vulcanite mouthpieces. Of the approximately 1,000 Radice pipes sold in the United States each year, roughly 20 percent of them will now feature a black or brindle vulcanite mouthpiece. Every pipe with a vulcanite mouthpiece will have a small "V" stamped on the shank.

For information on sources for Radice pipes, contact R.D. Field LLC at 935 Caledonia St., Philadelphia, PA 19128; phone: 866.733.4353; fax: 215.508.5964; Web site: *www.rdfield.com*.

Ser Jacopo's Picta Collection

Ser Jacopo's third Picta collection pays homage to the genius of Pablo Picasso. The great artist's long career spanned decades and is generally divided into periods during which he worked to perfect a specific style, such as his Blue period and his Cubist period.

Picasso's prodigious output results in Ser Jacopo's largest Picta collection yet made. There are 28 shapes in the Picta collection. Some of the shapes are classic, others are unique.

The Picasso Picta collection joins Ser Jacopo's Magritte Picta and van Gogh Picta series as part of its "pipe in art" project. To find a Ser Jacopo dealer near you, contact Marble Arch Ltd. at P.O. Box 966, Rockville Center, NY 11571; phone: 800.843.2727; fax: 516.536.9781; e-mail: *marblearchltd@yahoo.com*; Web site: *www.serjacopo.com*.

Essential

Henri Cartier-Bresson/Magnum Photos

Noted philosopher and patriot Jean-Paul Sartre was also a devoted pipe smoker, carrying a pipe nearly everywhere he went

By Fred Brown

Existentialism

These were the most desperate days in France. German troops occupied the northern tier and western coast, some three-fifths of the nation, while a makeshift Nazi-supported puppet government fled to Vichy in the south in an attempt to keep the French free in symbol only. A small but passionate army of resistance fighters didn't buy the German-backed gambit or the misplaced political promise of the French marionettes in Vichy. In France, 1940 was a time of shortages, terror and hope that salvation would soon arrive.

In the meantime, the French Resistance, under the charismatic guidance of Charles De Gaulle, fought the Nazis relentlessly, suffering terrible casualties in exchange for small successes. But the alternatives to the Resistance's hit-and-run attacks were just as loathsome: work for the Germans creating the monstrous Atlantic Wall along the beautiful Norman coastline, face arrest and summary executions, or be sent to German concentration camps filling rapidly with Jews and others considered undesirable by Hitler and his henchmen.

Jean-Paul Sartre was a small, intent, bookish man, "Like the men on the barricades . . . [with] his worn trench coat, his

When asked to list what was most important in his life, John-Paul Sartre said, "I don't know. Everything. Living. Smoking."

pipe, his heavy-rimmed glasses...indeed, a man of the Resistance," as described in a 1946 *Vogue Magazine* story. He seemed almost shy, but beneath that veneer beat the ardor of French patriotism. He joined a growing army of French nationalists who, together, formed the French Resistance to fight for the day France's blue, white and red national flag would fly freely, and the beautiful "La Marseillaise" would sound again over the Champs Elysées and the Arc de Triomphe.

Sartre was a French philosopher who became one of the foremost thinkers of the time. A dramatist, novelist and political journalist, he was a professor of philosophy and arguably one of the most important writers of the 20th century. He is better known, perhaps, as the leading exponent of existentialism, the belief that man is the measure of all things and is responsible for his own being.

With those heavy credentials, it probably won't come as too much of a shock to learn that Sartre was also a pipe smoker, even during the war, when tobacco shortages in France were at best severe.

Most contemporary philosophers and writers turned to the pipe, of course. It suited their seraphical natures. And, besides, it made them appear so smart, so professorial. In Sartre's case, the image fit the man and the man fit the image.

Sartre was born in Paris on June 21, 1905, and educated at the Écôle Normale Supérieure in Paris, the University of Fribourg in Switzerland and the French Institute in Berlin. He taught philosophy at various French schools from 1929 until the outbreak of World War II, when he was conscripted as a meteorologist in the French army. He was captured by the Germans in 1940 and released in 1941. Shortly after his release, he started teaching again in Neuilly, France. Again, later in Paris, he joined the French Resistance, filled with men and women who were fiercely partisan, madly French.

In 1945, Sartre, who had by this time written major philosophical essays and novels, had given up teaching and founded the magazine *Les Temps Modernes* (Modern Times). A couple of years later, he was leaning left and had become a Socialist. His writing began to reflect on the Cold War, and in 1964, he won the Nobel Prize for literature, which he rejected, saying it would taint his integrity as a writer and thinker.

In the academic world, Sartre is known as the father of existentialism, a philosophical model that he defined in his path-breaking work, *L'Etre et le Néant* (Being and Nothingness). Sartre's existentialism combines the thinking of several brainy giants—Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, Martin Heidegger and Karl Marx—to arrive at his central thesis that man is basically all there is, or in simpler terms, man defines his own existence.

In a 1946 lecture, Sartre characterized his notion this way: "Man simply is. Not that he is simply what he conceives himself to be, but he is what he wills, and as he conceives himself after already existing—as he wills to be after that leap towards existence. Man is nothing else but that which he makes of himself. That is the first principle of existentialism."

Enough of the heady stuff. All that's really important is that Sartre was a pipe smoker with a big brain.

In the early 1930s, during one of his first teaching jobs in Le Havre, France, Sartre frequently appeared before his students with his hands in his pockets, and his pipe in his mouth. He loved the smell of the docks and the sweat and fear in the cafes, all grist for a writer. He wrote as he puffed away, often just wherever he could find a place to sit and to write.

Typically wearing socks that had holes in them, old shoes, a strange coat made of synthetic fur and a black turtleneck sweater, Sartre usually carried a pipe. Sartre most likely owned a French briar pipe, since Sainte-Claude, France, a small village in the Haut Jura Mountains near the Swiss border, has bragging rights to being the first to manufacture the hard briar burl into a smoking pipe.

Suffering from the privations during the war years, it became quite difficult to enjoy the luxury of pipe tobacco. At one point, through the help of a Swiss friend, Sartre obtained 50 grams of "blond tobacco," sent to him by a special arrangement through Swiss diplomatic pouch.

In many of the photos of Sartre taken before and during the war years, he is rarely seen without his pipe. He is pictured with a pipe clenched firmly between his teeth in a photo shot in 1939. There's another photo of Sartre in a pensive mood with his pipe while on vacation with his lover, Simone de Beauvoir, in 1945. He lights a pipe at a Montparnasse cafe in a picture snapped in 1964, just before he rejected the Nobel Prize. And then there is one of a very young and thoughtful-looking Sartre holding his pipe, a wall of books barely visible in the fuzzy background—a highly symbolic photo.

The late British writer and philosopher Iris Murdoch called Sartre an "omnivorous writer...A thinker who lived his own time to the full."

Whether peering deeply into that sublime space where philosophers live, or cuddled around a glass of wine with friends, Jean-Paul Sartre, one of the greatest minds of the 20th century, or any century, usually spent the day with pipe in hand.

That was, as the man might say, the only way to exist. ***P&T***

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My Lady Nicotine:

The Most Popular Book of Tobacco Fiction...Ever!

By Ben Rapaport

For more than a century in Tobaccoland, three words, "My Lady Nicotine," have been of mythic proportion, yet in the last 100 years or so, some have used her name irreverently or inappropriately, or they have taken liberties with her. For example, there are those who have demonized and decried her:

> Why should it be considered a mark of vulgarity, of plebeianism, to inhale tobacco smoke through the stem of a briar, and the hallmark of good breeding to finger a cigar or dally with that triviality and travesty of the adoration of My Lady Nicotine—a cigarette?[1]
>
> For My Lady Nicotine ($C_{10}H_{14}N_2$) is a colorless liquid compound, whose action upon the human organism in small dosage is as yet but little understood...[2]

Others have heaped praises upon her:

> About this hour of the morning, my timetable allows me a few minutes for a hasty lunch, but I prefer a pipe of well-flavoured tobacco and I consider this first early morning kiss from "My Lady Nicotine" is her best and sweetest.[3]

And another: "My faithful briar has gone out. I will have to rise and fill it, then once more in the fragrance of My Lady Nicotine."[4] But long before she was ignominiously labeled a cigarette and a colorless liquid compound, or characterized as a pipe and a tobacco mixture, she was a book title.

No doubt you've heard about, already own a copy of, or will one day buy James M. Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine: A Study in Smoke* (1890). Lord knows it's the talk of the (tobacco) town at every pipe show and at just about every pipe club meeting here and abroad. To those unfamiliar with this work of fiction, there is some similarity between this title and that of an anti-tobacco screed from an anonymous author, *The True Story of Lady Nicotine: What Kind of a Lady is She?* (Carl Henry Inc., New York, 1929), and with Ogden Nash's poem, "My Lady's Nicotine" (1935), but that's where the similarity ends.

My Lady Nicotine is, according to tobacco historian Jerome E. Brooks, a celebration of the joys of smoking:

> The only [tobacco] book which critics have generally accepted as a piece of literature.... That this delightful work is entitled to the award is not to be denied. But it is a curious fact that three centuries had to pass before a prose work on smoking was produced which could be undisputedly classified as literature.... Only a nicotian idealist, a smoker to the manner born, could have conceived so wise, so affectionate and so inspiring a tribute to the herb poets called 'divine.'[5]

Some critics have described it as a collection of hilarious tales concerning one man's attempts to give up smoking and his general meditations and observations on smoking. Or, as the book review in the weekly magazine *The Nation* reported, "Barrie sings tobacco with incidental sketches of people who smoke it and people who won't permit it to be smoked."[6] It really is much more. It is a "...collection of clever journalistic sketches which are not to be taken seriously."[7] Some of these sketches previously appeared in a slightly different format in the *St. James's Gazette*, and other sketches, according to one source, appeared in *The Nottingham Journal* and *The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*. Matthew Hilton, a lecturer in social history at the University of Birmingham, England, decomposes the book succinctly: "Barrie devotes separate chapters to his favourite blends of tobacco, his favourite pipes, his tobacco pouch, his smoking-table and even his favourite smoking companions."[8]

Mentioned often throughout the book is Arcadia, "...a place for the exploration of one's individuality, for cherishing the experience of one's own tobacco-induced thoughts and emotions."[9] Fundamental to understanding the novel, but not this essay, is the importance of noting that Barrie, an avid

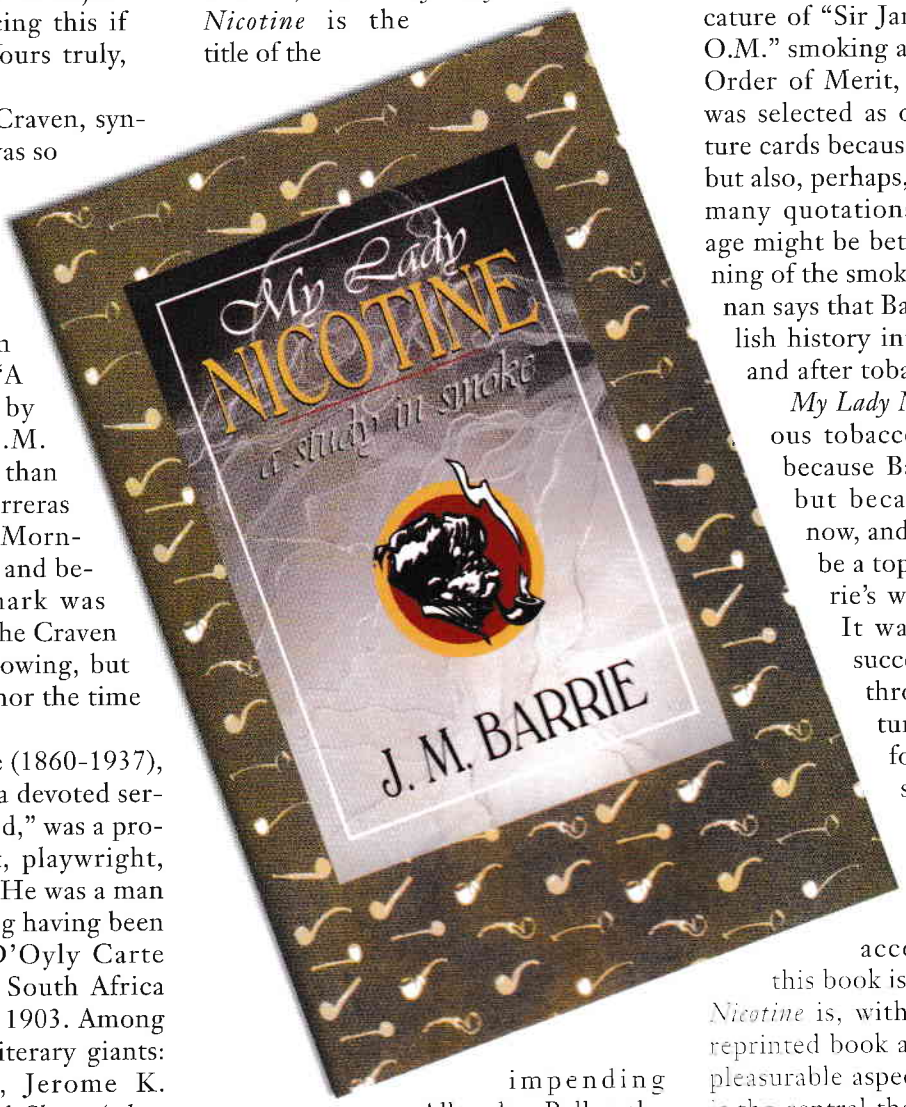
pipe smoker, bought his favorite tobacco, Craven Mixture, at J. Joaquin Carreras, a tobacco shop at 7 Wardour Street, London. As the story goes, Barrie wrote a letter to Mr. Carreras dated Jan. 18, 1897:

> Dear Sir, In answer to your letter, it is your Craven Mixture—and no other—that I call Arcadia in *My Lady Nicotine*. I see no objection to your announcing this if you want to do so. Yours truly, J.M. Barrie

Hence, the very reason Craven, synonymous with Arcadia, was so beloved—according to one account, its name is mentioned at least 71 times—that, for many years, the following statement appeared on tins of Craven Mixture: "A tobacco to be smoked by the greatest of men. J.M. Barrie."[10] It is also more than coincidental that the Carreras factory that opened at Mornington Crescent in 1928 and became a London landmark was called Arcadia Works. (The Craven Mixture has its own following, but this is neither the place nor the time to tell that story.)

James Matthew Barrie (1860-1937), whom some have called a devoted servant to the "fragrant weed," was a prolific Scottish journalist, playwright, dramatist and novelist.[11] He was a man of many talents, including having been a chorister with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. that toured South Africa from April 1902 to May 1903. Among his friends were other literary giants: Arthur Conan Doyle, Jerome K. Jerome, George Bernard Shaw (who, by the way, detested Barrie's pipe smoking), H.G. Wells and P.G. Wodehouse. Barrie wrote prolifically, but he is best remembered today for his fantasy work *Peter Pan, or The Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up*. (The 2004 film, *Finding Neverland*, with Johnny Depp as Barrie, is Hollywood's version of the tragic story behind this very popular work of children's literature.) The December 2004 issue of *Smithsonian* magazine contained Norman Allen's essay, "Peter Pan Turns 100. But the boy who never grew up shows no signs of getting old." This play has been acted out in both live theater and film many times over in its 100-year life.

In 2004, when Peter Pan turned 100, *My Lady Nicotine* turned 114! And here's an interesting tidbit that only a few devotees of this book may know. According to *The Stage Online*, a British Web site, the following public announcement was made on Feb. 23, 1905: "*My Lady Nicotine* is the title of the impending Alhambra Ballet, the joint work of Mr. Charles Wilson and Mr. George W. Byng, which is due for production on Monday next. The new ballet is in five scenes entitled respectively: Tobacco, Cigarettes and Narghileh, Pipes and Cigars, The Discovery of My Lady Nicotina and the Abode of My Lady Nicotina."[12] This ballet must have been quite a hoot to see! In time, Barrie found himself on the tobacco map, but it probably was not the ballet that elevated his nicotian prominence. In 1915, a calendar was published in Great Britain with the title "My Lady Nicotine. The Smoker's Calendar for 1915"; each week contained a pithy phrase about the pleasures of smoking, including quotations from *My Lady Nicotine*. In December 1926, Imperial Tobacco's John Player & Sons issued a series of 50 cigarette cards, Straight Line Caricatures, comical portraits of known personalities of the period. Number Five in this series was a caricature of "Sir James M. Barrie, Bart., O.M." smoking a pipe (Baronet, 1913; Order of Merit, 1922). No doubt he was selected as one of the 50 caricature cards because of *My Lady Nicotine*, but also, perhaps, because of one of his many quotations: "The Elizabethan age might be better named the beginning of the smoking era."[13] V.G. Kiernan says that Barrie "... divided English history into two halves, before and after tobacco."[14]



My Lady Nicotine is a conspicuous tobacco book not so much because Barrie was the author, but because tobacco was, is now, and probably forever will be a topic of nonfiction; Barrie's work was pure fiction. It was not Barrie's most successful novel then, but throughout the last century and into this one, for many obvious reasons, it has gained a large following among smokers of every stripe. More significant than the accolades showered on this book is the fact that *My Lady Nicotine* is, without doubt, the most reprinted book about the positive and pleasurable aspects of smoking, which is the central thesis of this essay. As a tobacco bibliophile for the last half-century, I am never surprised when a colorful classic or a popular treatise on tobacco is reprinted one or more times. Six standards come to mind: Billings, *Tobacco* (1875 and 1973); Potter, *Tobacco Talk and Smokers' Gossip* (1884 and 2003); Knight, *Pipe and Pouch* (1894 and 1970); Bain, *Tobacco in Song and Story* (1896, 1953, 2001 and 2004); Corti, *A History of Smoking* (1931 and 1996); and Mackenzie, *Sublime Tobacco* (1937 and 1984). But no other work in this genre, to my recollection or in my research, has ever seen so much

A Brief List of Known Publishers	
Company	**Date of Publication (where indicated)**
American Publishers Corp., Boston	1890
A.L. Burt Co., New York	ca. 1899-1900, 1923
H.M. Caldwell, New York and Boston	1901, 1903, 1905
Cassell Publishing Co., New York and London	1890, 1891
Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia	
Thomas Y. Crowell, New York and Boston	
Dodge Publishing Co., New York	1917
Edward Publishing Co., New York	
Hodder and Stoughton, London	1890, 1893, 1897, 1901, 1913 (the "Kirriemuir" edition), 1925, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1935
Hurst and Co., New York	
M.J. Ivers, New York	
Joseph Knight Co., Boston	1896
Knight and Millet, Boston	
Lovell, Coryell, & Co., New York	1890(?), 1892
Mershon Co., New Jersey	1899
Merwin-Clayton Sales Co., New York	1907
George Monro's Sons, New York	1894
Frank A. Munsey, New York	1898
L.C. Page and Co., Boston	1898
Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago	1891
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York	1896, 1898, 1901, 1906, 1920, 1922, 1924, 1926, 1928, 1929 (the last is "The Peter Pan Edition," one of 18 volumes in a limited edition of 1,030 numbered sets)
Arthur Westbrook Co., Cleveland	

printer's ink (or today's digital printer toner) as Barrie's novel.

The 1890 Hodder and Stoughton (London) edition, the original, was solely text. The first printing was limited to 1,000 copies and, later in the same year, a "second thousand" were printed. By 1897, the book was in its eighth printing, or, as the publisher noted on the flyleaf, the "8th edition." Perhaps the best edition is from the Joseph Knight Co., Boston (1896), because it contains innumerable black-and-white and some color pipe-smoking scenes illustrated by M. B. (Maurice Brazil) Prendergast (1858-1924), an artist in his own right. According to notes in the special exhibition in 2000, "Parks and Promenades: Maurice Prendergast" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, "Prendergast also worked briefly as a commercial illustrator. This exhibition featured several of the artist's book designs, advertisements, and—his most ambitious publishing enterprise—the provocatively illustrated *My Lady Nicotine: A Study in Smoke*...."[15]

Since that eventful year, 1890, many publishers, big and small, have gravitated to releasing their own particular edition or reprint, some bearing dates of publication and just about as many without a date of publication.[16] It is impossible to know or even venture a guess as to how many copies of the book have been printed since the first Hodder and Stoughton edition, but the following list, although not exhaustive—the number of publishers and editions resulting from a more incisive study could be considerably more—offers a pretty good idea of how many publishers took an interest in merchandising this book. (Note that this list does not distinguish between copyright date and publication date, though often the two are the same.) Of those on the list, the first *authorized* American edition as a single volume was from Scribner's & Sons in 1896. The remaining entries consist of many variants, and the book's size differed from publisher to publisher, printed as one volume in a series of Barrie works (known in the book trade as a "uniform edition" or set), or included with one or more Barrie stories or plays in a single volume. Some were authorized printings under American rights, and others were what would be considered, in publishing industry jargon, unauthorized or pirated editions; several were "trade" or "mass-market" editions. Best of all, several—such as the H.M. Caldwell Co. (1905) and the Knight and Millet (undated) editions that contained the Prendergast illustrations appearing in the Joseph Knight edition (mentioned previously)—were bound in handsome ooze-leather (suede-like) bindings with a gold-embossed title on the cover and spine.

The purpose of this list is not to identify which were dated and which were not, which were authorized and which were pirated, or which were solely text and which were text with the added feature of Prendergast's illustrations. The singular message to take away is the number of publishers that reissued the book and the frequency with which this manuscript visited the printing press after 1890.

After a lengthy respite of some 50 years, *My Lady Nicotine* rose from the ashes. AMS Press, New York, reprinted it in 1975; in 1996, Thornbush Anthologies, a small press in Moscow, Idaho, published a hardcover limited edition, the only one with an original-design dust jacket; and Amazon offers a 2001 paperback edition from Fredonia Books, published in the Netherlands. When *Peter Pan* turned 100 in 2004, *My Lady Nicotine* went Continental: It was translated into French and published by Éditions le Passeur in Nantes.[17] For those who choose not to

buy the book but want to read it, at least one online version of the complete book is available on the Web at *http://gaydeceiver.com/nicotine*.

Charles Dudley Warner (1829-1900) was a prolific American essayist, novelist and editor of the multivolume *Library of the World's Best Literature, Ancient And Modern* (1896-1897); in Volume 4, he had this to say: "'My Lady Nicotine' appeared in 1890; it was very popular, and has some amusing sketches, but no enduring quality."[18] Had Mr. Warner lived beyond 1900, he might have changed his opinion.

According to James Walton, television critic for *The Daily Telegraph*:

> As for the best smoking writers in history, I think I'd confer a shared prize on Mark Twain, Raymond Chandler and Martin Amis—with an honourable mention to J.M. Barrie. The best single novel on the subject must be Christopher Buckley's *Thank You for Smoking*.[19]

What is "best" is a matter of personal opinion, and in my opinion, *Thank You for Smoking* (1994) is a very dark horse in a race to be the best single novel on tobacco. When his book was reviewed in the open press, Buckley, social and political satirist, and editor of *Forbes FYI*, was labeled a spin doctor for the tobacco lobby! Barrie's book was not written as a cause célèbre.

There is much more to the man and his legacy—little-known facts and factoids— and here are a few. Barrie was named chancellor of the University of Edinburgh in 1930, the same year that Barrie Park, one of four "Playground Shelter Houses," in Oak Park, Ill., was named after him. The *James Barrie* was an ice breaker-trawler that ran aground on one of the Orkney Islands on March 29, 1969. And there is the Sir James Barrie Primary School, Wandsworth, London, that bears his name.

He remains bigger than life today. On the Web site *www.findagrave.com* is a brief biography of Barrie, and along with the personal notes of 17 other well-wishers is a touching comment from a certain Ed Sisler posted on Dec. 9, 2004: "The world needs another James Barrie."[20] Perhaps the world does not, because his name endures through his many literary works, which continue to appeal to all around the world. And he has a much smaller, but very special community of admirers: 21st-century Arcadians! Fact is, *My Lady Nicotine* is the quintessential primer for *every* new pipe smoker. Consequently, mainstream publishers and small presses alike will, out of necessity, continue to ensure that this lady leads a very long and (pipe-)full life. ***P&T***

Endnotes

[1] Joseph Henry Curtis, *Description of the Great Fight Waged by the Grim Puritans of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in its Early History to Suppress the Taking of the Creature Called Tobacco* (Boston: H.C. Baker, 1925), 21.

[2] A. E. Hamilton, *This Smoking World* (New York: The Century Co., 1927), 91.

[3] "Cleobury Mortimer through the Ages," Simon Evans, Cleobury, Shropshire, postman. *www.shropshire-promotions.co.uk/Clbry-2.html*.

[4] Booth Tarkington, *The Magnificent Ambersons* (1918).

[5] Jerome E. Brooks, *Tobacco: Its History Illustrated by the Books, Manuscripts and Engravings in the Library of George Arents Jr.*, Vol. 4, 1784-1942 (New York: The Rosenbach Co., 1943), 316.

[6] "More Novels," *The Nation*, Vol. 053, Issue 1369, Sept. 14, 1891.

[7] James A. Roy, *James Matthew Barrie: An Appreciation* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1938), 114.

[8] Idem.

[9] Matthew Hilton, *Smoking in British Popular Culture, 1800-2000. Perfect Pleasures* (Manchester and New York: Manchester University Press, 2000), 35.

[10] According to Mr. Martin McGahey of the Association of Independent Tobacconists (U.K.), Craven Mixture was "the famous mixture of cool and aromatic tobaccos, first specially blended for the Third Earl of Craven in the 1860s"; the Earl was George Grimstone Craven (1841-1883). Now follow the recent Kabuki dance in the U.K. tobacco trade as it affects these tobaccos! Until recently, Murray Sons & Co. Ltd. distributed Craven Mixture, available only in bulk, and Rothmans (U.K.) Ltd. distributed Craven Aromatic, Mild Ready Rubbed and Mild Flake. In 2004, British American Tobacco (BAT), which owned Murray Sons, bought Rothmans. In April 2005, Murray Sons & Co. closed its doors. BAT now sells only Craven Aromatic, Mild Ready Rubbed and Mild Flake, and none of these tobaccos are in tins. However, our own McClelland introduced Arcadia in 2001—supposedly the favorite blend of Sherlock Holmes' partner, Dr. Watson—as one of its 221-B series of tobaccos (a nice touch by the company, because Doyle and Barrie were friends), and Cornell & Diehl now offers its #531 Yale Mixture, which some claim comes pretty close to the original Craven Mixture.

[11] Read more about Barrie's life and work at the J.M. Barrie Society Web site, *www.jmbarrie.net*, or *www.jmbarrie.co.uk*. To research Barrie's life and works, consult Yale University's Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, which retains the J.M. Barrie Collection.

[12] *www.thestage.co.uk/backstage/backstage.php/6464*.

[13] James M. Barrie, *My Lady Nicotine* (London: Hodder and Stoughton Ltd., 1928), 105.

[14] V.G. Kiernan, *Tobacco: A History* (London: Hutchinson Radius, 1991), 229-230.

[15] *www.metmuseum.org/special/Prendergast/Parks_more.html*.

[16] King James I, *A Counterblaste to Tobacco* (1604). This was probably reprinted as many times in the last 400 years, but this anti-tobacco diatribe appeals to a different community of interest.

[17] If you're a first- and signed-edition bibliomaniac, Mystery Pier Books, West Hollywood, Calif., has a signed and inscribed copy of the 1890 Hodder and Stoughton edition in its original morocco-backed double slipcase for $1,750.

[18] *www.fullbooks.com/Library-Of-The-World-s-Best-Literaturex25323.html*.

[19] James Walton (ed.), *The Faber Book of Smoking* (London: Faber and Faber, 2000), xv.

[20] *www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=8334772&pt=James%20Barrie*

TRIAL BY FIRE

by William Serad and Tad Gage
with
Joe Harb, John Offerdahl, Bob Runowski and Ira Stone

Bulk Blends

Unbeknownst to many puffers, the blends they buy in bulk from their favorite tobacconist may actually be manufactured by some of the world's premier tobacco companies that also produce their favorite familiar tins. This is not to say that all such bulks are formulated and concocted off-premise, because many tobacconists are quite capable of producing some very fine blends from their own recipes, many of which are more than 100 years old. There is history there that should be sought out, preserved and enjoyed, as well as the talent among the new practitioners of the alchemy of our art. Nor should the bulks be eschewed, because there are some exceptionally fine products here. There are even bulk versions of familiar tinned products that have a character of their own sans aging containerized. They may be renamed by your tobacconist, so if one of these descriptions piques your interest, then inquire about it. They may have it or be willing to get it. Regardless, support your local tobacconist, or those wonderful bastions of pipery will dry up and blow away like yesterday's ash. The selections reviewed here are among each manufacturer's bestsellers, so expect no duds, merely differences in preference and taste. *(William Serad)*

Editor's Note: William Serad has previously reviewed the following Mac Baren blends in their tinned forms, with the exception of Solent. For his comments on the others, please refer to the Spring 2001 issue of *P&T*.

Mac Baren Solent Mixture

Serad: This blend has not been available in tins in the United States to my knowledge, so being able to try it in bulk has been a treat. It has also been a surprise. I was, frankly, expecting minimum Latakia and maximum sweeteners added, be they honey, molasses or plain old sugar. Well, this has more than a gratuitous wafting of Latakia—not a big jolt, mind you, but enough. The Virginias and Cavendish are classic Mac Baren, and the pouch aroma is kind of boozy. At the match, this is not as hot as some other Mac Baren products, and it lights easily and stays lit. If you don't provoke it, it stays friendly and quite sweet, with a continuous note of Latakia. It really is quite nice, and at this point may be my favorite Mac Baren blend. If you like other Mac Barens, this is highly recommended, and recommended if you are looking for a lighter and sweeter blend with Latakia.

Gage: This venerable Danish mixture has long been a favorite of mine, although I haven't smoked it in quite a while. Smoking Solent reminded me that perhaps it has been too long since I revisited this classic. It's a good-looking mixture with ribbons and flecks of Virginia leaf, ranging from bright yellow flue-cured to pitch-black Cavendish and Latakia. Few mixtures successfully marry black Cavendish and Latakia, but when they do, the result is pleasing and mild, yet with plenty of character. Solent is not at all sweet, but rather has flavor hints of toast and coriander seed. If it is cased, Mac Baren's owner, Henrik Harberg, uses a very gentle hand. Solent has more character than many Virginia-based tobaccos, yet is still very clearly a Virginia blend. It generates great smoke volume and burns cleanly.

Harb: Wine, I think. That's the aroma of the light casing on this blend of bright Virginia and golden brown Burley interlaced with a darker-brown-to-black leaf. At the match, the smoke is very smooth and very light, with the casing prominent even though it is very delicate. I was expecting a blend with a little body from the mix of leaves, but I detected very little of the flavor of the tobacco in this blend. In fact, I think this is

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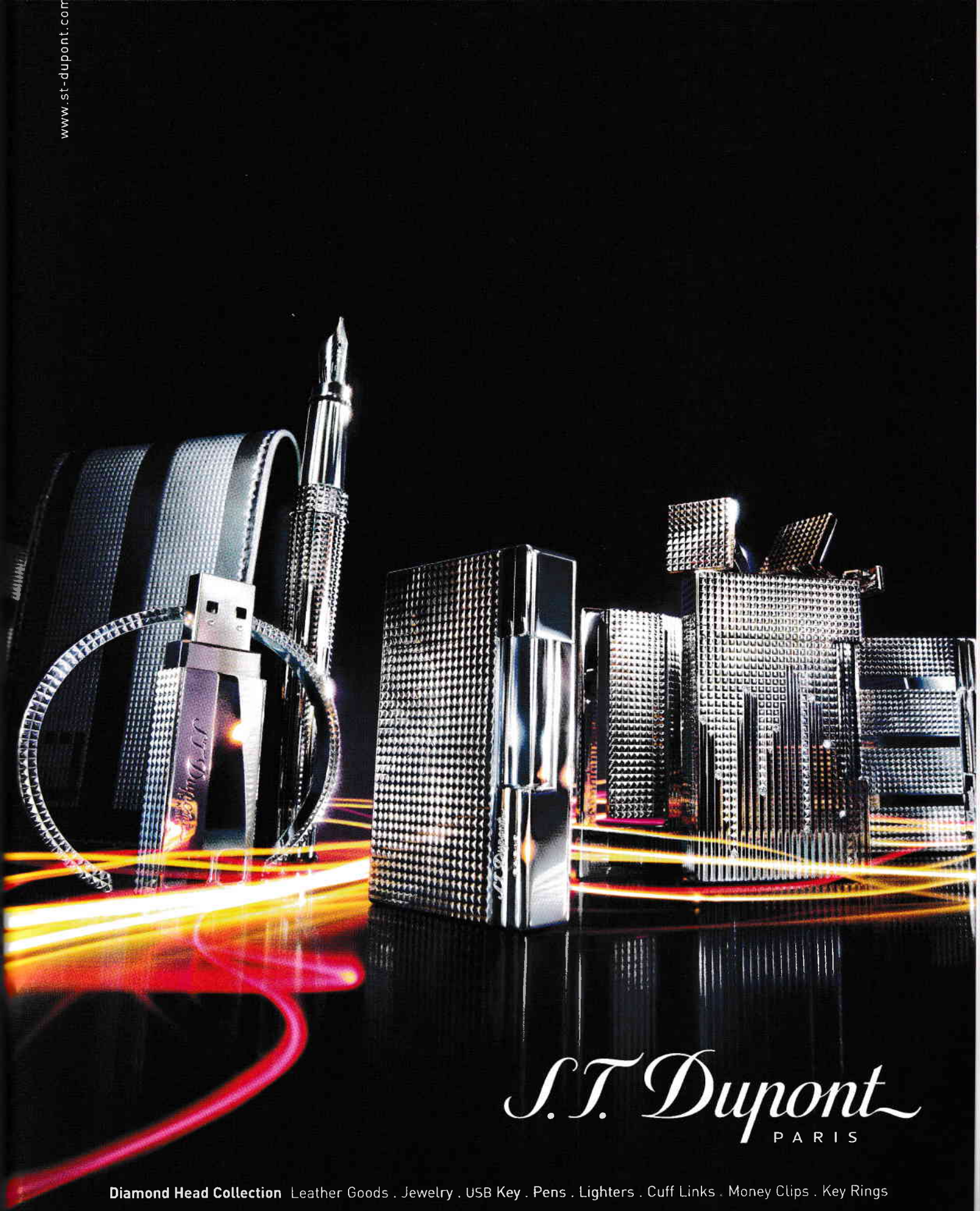

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probably the blandest tobacco I have ever smoked. I sampled it in three different pipes, all with the same results.

Runowski: Now, I could like this blend. It is primarily a ribbon cut, lightly dry to touch and neutral in the pouch. Mostly Virginias, with some Burleys and I presume a touch of Latakia, Solent packed easily and lit on the third match. I preferred a smaller pipe for a more efficient burn and was rewarded with a decent smoke from start to finish. In fact, it finished much stronger with a fuller taste and a drier pipe than I had expected. Solent was probably the best of the MB samples I tried. Not an all-day smoke, but a clean change-of-pace smoke with flavor and good room note.

Mac Baren Dark Twist:

Gage: This visually appealing spun-cut tobacco is a pleasing blend of dark Cavendish, Burley and Virginia. Mac Baren does a great spun-cut roll. It's not nearly as intense as many dark, stoved Virginia blends. There isn't much aroma in the pouch. It takes a little bit of work to prepare for your pipe. Unlike Escudo, which smokes pretty well when left in disk form, I had to rub out this blend before packing my pipe. A couple of sample bowls required some effort to keep the mixture lit, while others burned smoothly. The disks are not overly moist, but you'll probably have more success if you leave them to dry a few days. This blend smokes better when it's on the dry side. The company says Dark Twist is "specially spiced" with secret condiments, and although I don't doubt that, I wasn't able to detect any particular flavor component. If you enjoy a rich blend but can't handle some of the dark flake tobaccos, this is an excellent choice.

Harb: For this blend, tobaccos are formed into a long strand and wrapped with additional layers of different leaves, twisted and cut into nickel-sized coins. Each coin has a mix of the wrapped tobaccos. In the sample I got, about 10 percent of the coins had a center of dark stoved tobacco, while the majority was a mix of light- to medium-brown layers. The way I prepare such coins is to tear them into four segments and then break the segments apart like a flake. I got most of the lighter coins on my first try and found the blend to be light in flavor with a subtle sweetness. It burned smooth with no bite. Some people will tell you to stick with the cards you're dealt, but on the second bowl, I cheated and selected out more of the coins with the dark centers. This bowl was more rich and smooth, but the difference was not as great as I had expected it would be with more of the dark tobacco in the mix. I would categorize it as a light Virginia blend, smooth with a nice level of sweetness.

Offerdahl: For whatever reason, I am fascinated by tobacco ropes and coins, so the physical presentation of Dark Twist really pleases me. The coins appear as lighter strands of Virginia centered around a core of dark Cavendish. There is a strong, sweet aroma reminiscent of molasses or karo syrup, yet it is not off-puttingly sweet. The disks can be fully rubbed out with ease but burn quite well when just broken up a bit. The taste of the Cavendish and sugary casing somewhat dominate the first half or so of the bowl, while the very pleasant Virginia taste comes through toward the end.

Runowski: I smoked an earlier version of this tobacco in past years. Then, it was a pleasant early smoke but one that drifted to an insignificant middle and ending smoke. Today, these are the standard MB Burleys and Virginias, cased and sweet, and the smoke is lighter and sweeter than I recall, not unpleasant but sweeter than I prefer. Another blend suited to a newer smoker, better than most other bulks.

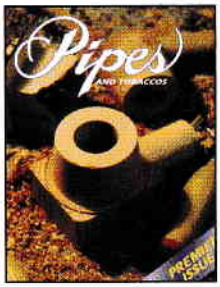
Stone: This is a Cavendish/Virgina curly cut. Flavorful, even a little strong, but not as full-flavored as I expected. The sweetness of the tobacco disappears early in the smoke. What one is left with is a fairly nondescript but serviceable smoke.

Mac Baren Scottish Mixture

Gage: This mixture has a light aromatic nose in the pouch, but the chunky cut needs to be rubbed out for even smoking. To my palate, it's very similar to a light Virginia Cavendish, but nothing like what I would call a Scottish blend. While the classic Scottish blend features a dose of Scotch whiskey, this blend has no whiskey flavor. Like an indecisive baseball player at the plate, this blend strikes out with the bat on its shoulder.

Harb: This is a partially broken loose flake tobacco with bright- to dark-golden tan Burley and chunks of black Cavendish. In the pouch, I detected the faint aroma of hay and sweetness. This is the type of blend I like to smoke in a meerschaum pipe, so that's what I chose for the first bowl. Packed very lightly, it lit easily, and slow puffs yielded a nice volume of smooth, slightly tart smoke with light body, a little sweetness and a hint of malt. The level of body through the bowl was consistent, and the malt character left only toward the bottom of the bowl. The second bowl was in a small briar, also packed lightly, and the experience was similar to that of the meerschaum. This would be a light but very enjoyable smoke for an occasional change of pace from blends with more body and complexity.

Offerdahl: This is a mixture of good components—Virginias, Burley and Cavendish—and should come together into a nice smoke. To me, though, it seems a bit harsh. The underlying taste is interesting, despite the harshness. The finish becomes nicely sweet and Virginia-like, but the early part of the bowl is almost razor-harsh. The Burley brings some depth to the



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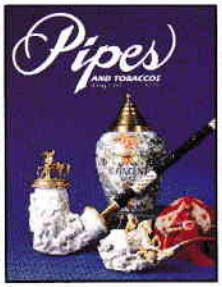

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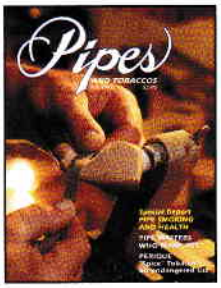

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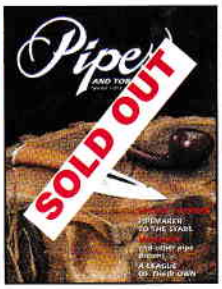

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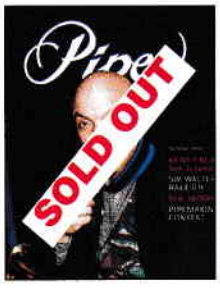

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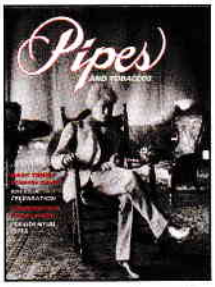

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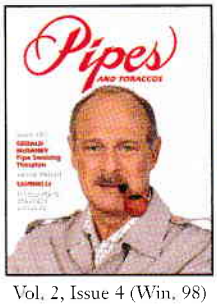

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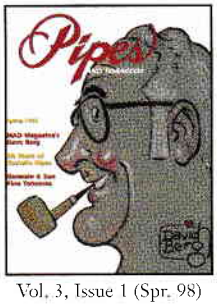

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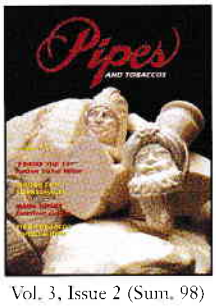

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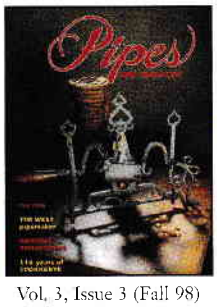

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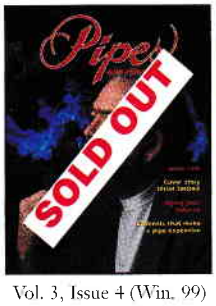

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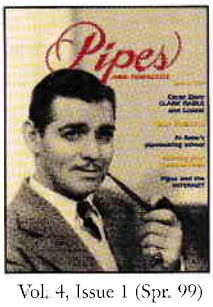

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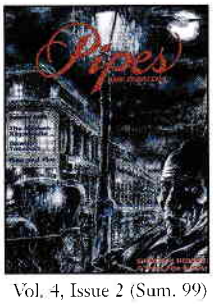

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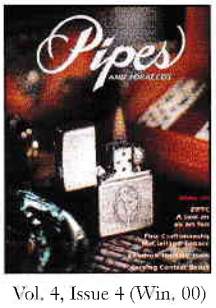

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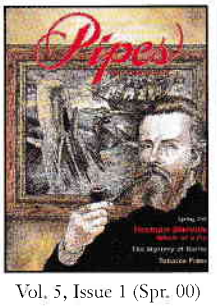

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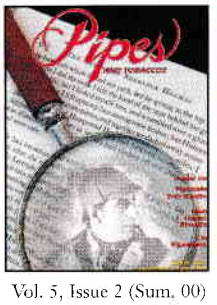

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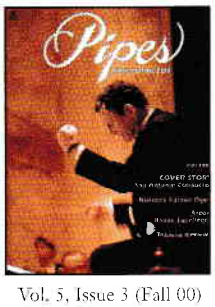

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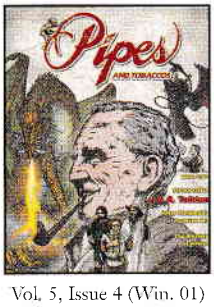

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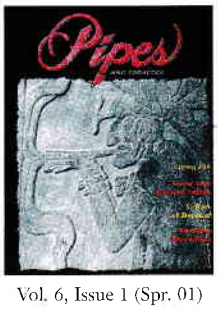

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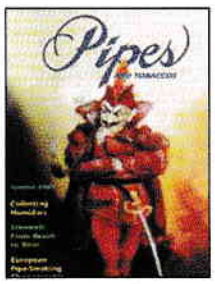

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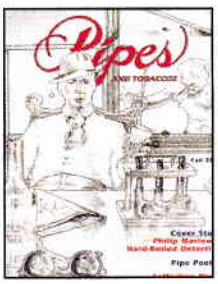

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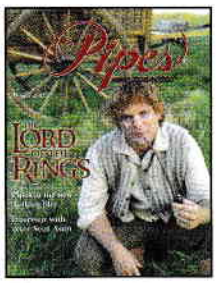

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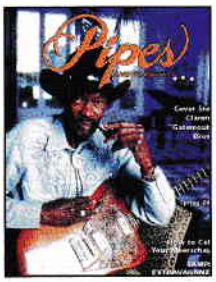

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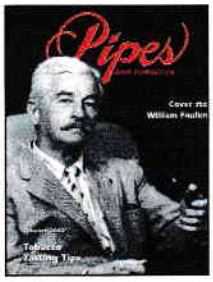

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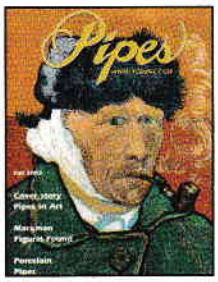

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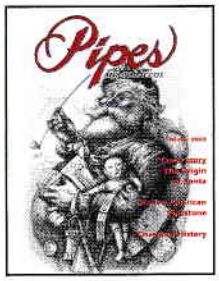

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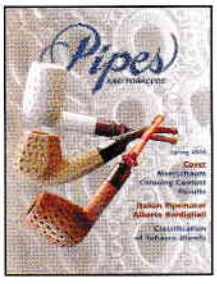

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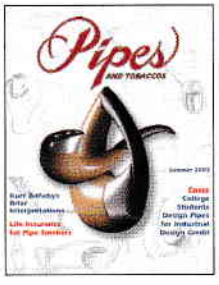

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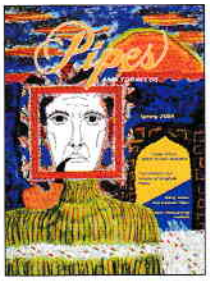

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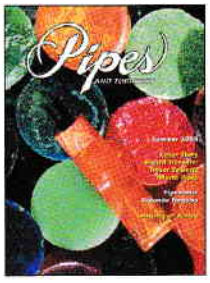

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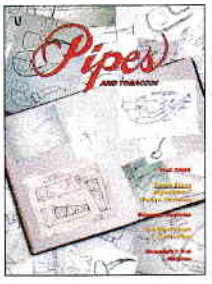

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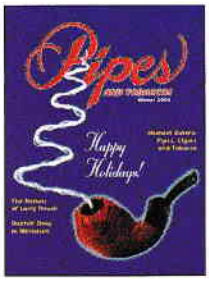

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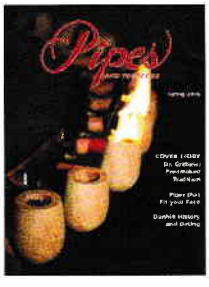

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smoke. However, the Cavendish, while adding a pleasant room note, contributes nothing to my taste.

Runowski: Lots of Virginias, sweet and moist to the touch, easy to light, with a penchant for burning hotter than the tongue prefers. I had a West German friend in graduate school at Kansas State University who swore by the blend, smoking pipe after pipe without any ill effect. Unfortunately, that wasn't me, then or today. It still seems to me to be a harsher smoke, with a predisposition to causing tongue bite.

Stone: Sweet, sweet, sweet. The Burley and Virginia work well together. The Cavendish sweetness is slightly addictive—it makes you want to smoke more of this even if you don't like it. I have to admit, I did. I was surprised that the taste stayed even until the end and that there was little or no bite. Though not usually my cup of tea, I'll smoke this again.

Mac Baren Virginia #1

Gage: A cut slice with both chunks and ribbons, this all-Virginia blend features mostly medium and darker stoved tobaccos rather than brighter flue-cured leaf. There's a light vanilla nose in the pouch. Whether it has a bit of saucing or not, there was no noticeable taste of casing when I smoked the mixture. After the initial light, every bowl I tried had a somewhat unpleasant sharpness that zipped right through the sinuses. However, each bowlful quickly settled down into a spicy and tasty smoke. The blend gets hot quickly, so it requires slow smoking to avoid tongue burn. The tendency to burn a bit hot made a long-shank pipe a good choice, allowing for the full spectrum of mellow flavor to come through.

Harb: This is a blend composed of a golden, loosely broken flake tobacco that needed little rubbing out. The pouch aroma is very light, with a hint of sweetness. In the bowl, the flavor was also very light, with little body and only a light sweetness. I wanted more depth, but it was just not there. The tobacco burned smoothly and evenly but too easily became a bit too hot.

Offerdahl: The smell is sweetly acrid and fermented—to my nose, it is not overly pleasant, yet somehow interesting. Virginia #1 is slightly harsh for the first few puffs but soon settles into a fairly smooth Virginia flavor. It is, in fact, fuller than the offerings from either Cornell & Diehl or G.L. Pease, yet without the outright strength of, say, a Rattray's offering. Sadly, it also lacks the complexity found at either end of that spectrum. The tobacco is called ready rubbed, but I found it to be more of a broken flake; regardless, it packs nicely and lights relatively easily. The flavor is consistent, lacking either surprise or development. I can't say that I like or dislike this offering.

Runowski: A standard smoke for many of my friends, this Virginia has stayed fairly close to what I recall (memory being what it is and all). Uniform in color and rougher cut, slightly sweet and earthy in pouch aroma, it packed cleanly and lit quickly on the second match. The flavor never rose much more than it did the first third of the smoke, but neither did it disappoint. A clean, steady, pleasant taste.

Stone: This Virginia must be the one that gives all Virginias a bad reputation. It is all about bite. This selection of Virginia has some kind of topping, perhaps honey. The sweetness doesn't overtake the tongue burn—it probably adds to it. And it leaves an aftertaste to boot.

Cornell & Diehl
Apricots and Cream

Serad: Not your typical black Cavendish product, this is certainly black. The pouch aroma is pronounced and pleasant, and it is

comparatively dry (a la C&D) among the set of humectant-soaked blacks on the market. It lights easily and is quite cool. The aroma is unbelievable, and people will swoon with delight around you. A&C from C&D is surely among the most aromatic of aromatics. The flavor is consistent all the way down. The thing that sets it apart is that it is really not cloyingly sweet. It is sweet, certainly, but nothing like most black Cavs. The bowl is clean and generally dry as well. It really has a lot to commend itself. I would highly recommend it to aromatic fanciers. The aroma stays with the pipe, so beware.

Gage: This blend truly surprised me. When it comes to aromatic, heavily sauced black Cavendish blends, I set my expectations pretty low. However, this mixture not only cleared the bar, but cleared it with lots of room to spare. The aroma in the pouch was mouthwatering, smelling like a dessert creation made with Baileys Irish Cream. Of course, many purists scoff at a tobacco that smells like a dessert, but this mixture delivers on the pouch aroma. While aromatics may smell good, I find they usually taste bitter. This blend delivered a sweet, clean smoke that tasted very much like the apricot brandy used as a flavoring agent. The natural flavoring, rather than glycerin-based sauce, makes all the difference. There was also a significant vanilla taste. It burned cleanly, and had none of the usual gloppy dottle. This was a delight to smoke, and the room aroma could pass muster with the fussiest companions.

Offerdahl: While I can't say it's a blend I'll ever willingly seek, it's not bad, either. The apricot brandy topping provides a nice, sweet note. I don't really notice the vanilla, having moved to this blend after Lane's BLWB, but my room-aroma critics say that they detect it. I think it is a blend that will have a lot of appeal to

those seeking sweeter aromatics. I'm personally neutral on the blend.

Runowski: The C&D catalog has proclaimed this blend as the "marriage saver" because of its pleasant room note and taste. Perhaps. This is a dark blend of chopped tobaccos with a pleasurable pouch aroma of fruits and a hint of cream, more moist than most C&D blends. It packs cleanly and is tight to the touch, and it lights quickly with a small blue cloud of actually pleasant smells. My wife, long-suffering and hypercritical of my propensity for smoking really cheap tobaccos, actually had positive comments for this blend. And the visual presentation and initial taste beguile you. A first-rate blend for many levels of smokers, especially for those smokers in a combative domestic relationship.

Cornell & Diehl
Virginia Gentleman

Serad: A unique combination of Virginias and Burleys with a slight touch of Turkish to add interest, this has a mild pouch aroma. It has a grassy start at the match, but the deeper flavors quickly reveal themselves. The true character does not arrive until a third of the bowl is gone, and then the deeper and darker elements come into play. This exhibits a very simple taste set, and all of them are good; it just takes a little to get going. It could easily be an all-day Virginia-based smoke, because the Burley and wafting of Turkish add considerable variation and cool down the experience without diminishing the true Virginia nature of the blend. It is never tiresome and works well in any size bowl. Recommended for the Virginia puffer and also for the natural-blend seeker.

Gage: This shaggy cut of various Virginia tobaccos has a very soft aroma in the pouch. It packs and lights easily. Right from the start, a basic, leafy tobacco taste predominates—nutty, a bit earthy, with absolutely no sweetness. Because of this very dry (dry in taste, not moisture content) character, I found it closer in taste to a Burley blend than I usually look for in a Virginia blend. The blend contains some Turkish leaf that is undetectable in taste. This straightforward mixture would probably appeal to a Burley or light Virginia smoker. It was an easy smoke but not especially interesting.

Harb: This is a blend of rough-cut ribbons of tan and light- to medium-brown tobaccos with a small amount of dark-brown and black pieces. It was very dry in the pouch and had a sweet, slightly fruity aroma, but it packed well and lit easily. I was surprised at the medium flavor level and enjoyed the mix of sweet and pungent Turkish tobaccos. I would have enjoyed a little more of the Turkish tobacco in the blend. Still, it smoked cool and smooth and ended pretty much as it had begun.

Offerdahl: The touch of Turkish here adds a sense of light, sweet perfume. The flavor plays nicely against the generous hint of citrus from the Virginias. The Burley is also used sparingly, providing richness and depth but not really taking anything from the Virginias. There's no boredom coming from the blend, either; at times, I thought of lemons and summer's tart lemonade, yet at others, I was reminded of a wonderful, sweet cup of tea. The end result is a smooth, sweet, mild and mellow smoke that is quite cool for a Virginia and as gentlemanly as expected.

Stone: OK, I'll admit it: I'm a sucker for even a hint of Turkish. Unfortunately, that's all this blend contains. The mild Virginia taste that begins this smoke is quickly overshadowed by the Burley. And there is not enough Turkish to make up for this problem. Both the Virginia and the Turkish run out of gas before the Burley. And that's what it tastes like one is smoking—almost a straight Burley. Of course, a lot of people, myself included, like a straight Burley now and again, so don't count this one out. I just can't forgive it for bailing out on the Turkish. But this is a good smoke, if not a great one.

Cornell & Diehl
Star of the East

Serad: Star of the East is half Latakia (!) with a generous portion of Turkish, sweetened with stoved red Virginia. It is remarkably flavorful. It has a true Balkan nature if not formula, though it is not just a Latakia dump. The other leaf gives interplay as well as solo interest, as the Virginia sweetness offsets the characteristic bitterness of the Orientals. This is not to say that the expected pungency is gone—quite the contrary. It displays all components well and favorably. But the balance is simply excellent, and this is highly recommended to the Balkan fan looking for something less acrid than others of the genre, and even the English fan looking for something at the heavier end of the spectrum.

Gage: The perfect moisture content and flaky cut of this English blend make it a cinch to pack, light and puff away mindlessly. The blend is about half Latakia, with a couple different types of Virginia and a hint of Turkish leaf. I'm quite sure I detected Burley, but this ingredient isn't mentioned. I love Latakia, but I would have liked more sweetness to balance an almost sharp flavor characteristic.

Harb: The pouch aroma is the deep pungency of Latakia, with a little underlying sweetness. Sipping the charring light reveals the underlying sweet Virginia tobacco. The re-light with a heavier draw brought in smoke full of the Latakia richness. I would describe the room note for this blend as "pipe show." I found that the level of Latakia overwhelmed my taste buds quickly, but I was able to taste the underlying tobacco and reap the complexity of the blend through the first half of the bowl by putting the pipe down and coming back to it later. ▶

Offerdahl: The red Virginia provides high notes to balance the deeper, heavier tones of the Latakia, but it is the Turkish that really drives the flavor. I didn't notice a lot of variation from start to finish, but throughout the bowl I found a nice complexity to the flavor.

Runowski: It is a dark and musty blend. Close your eyes and you are in an exotic and swirling time in a forgotten corner of the Empire, when pouches were shared among friends and Latakia was a preferred condimental tobacco for sprightly Virginias. Star of the East is a lighter-than-expected smoke, not an all-day smoke for me, but it fills the after-dinner and late-night-reading niche. It will not and should not replace any other blend but should be appreciated as a unique blend in itself.

C & D Yorktown

Gage: With stoved red Virginia, plus lemon and red Virginias, Yorktown had a light, fruit and vanilla nose in the pouch. I found the large chunks of leaf a bit hard to work with, but it burned well once lit. I didn't detect much effect from the stoving. In fact, Yorktown tasted very close to a premium cigarette tobacco using flue-cured leaf. It has a pleasing rustic quality, but I think you have to like the taste of cigarettes to really enjoy this mixture.

Harb: This blend is another with rough-cut tobaccos ranging from light brown to darker brown. A long, deep sniff in the pouch revealed an aroma almost of cocoa, with a hint of sweetness. Under the match, the sweet character of the tobaccos was immediately exposed, alongside a deeper flavor of stoved tobacco. By the middle of the bowl, the sweetness seemed to increase and overwhelm the senses. This was one of the sweetest blends I've smoked in some time, and it was this character that overtook the lead toward the end of the bowl, with the deeper stoved flavors staying in the background. It did smoke cool, but there was a piquancy that had a harsh edge to the back of the palate, and this may not be to everyone's liking.

Offerdahl: Here, for a surprise, is a C&D Virginia blend that apparently contains neither Burley nor Cavendish. Yorktown is made of stoved red and lemon Virginias and unstoved red Virginias. Early in the bowl it is a plain, nondescript smoke, but by a quarter of the way through, the blend begins to sing. The sweetness of the red Virginias mingles with the gentle flavor of lemons for a mild yet sweet and smooth taste. As a bonus surprise, my resident aroma judge was complimentary of the room note. As a caution, I'd urge slow smoking—sip rather than gulp—to avoid bite; you'll be nicely rewarded for the effort.

Runowski: These are Virginias, mostly light in color, dry to the touch, not sweet but clean and grassy in pouch aroma. I don't routinely smoke Virginias because of the faint aftertaste and the potential tongue bite. Sadly, I experienced both in this smoke, which was a lighter and less flavorful experience than I prefer. Yet, when smoked slowly in a smaller bowl, the flavors hint at richness, and the smoker is rewarded for the effort.

Stone: Mild, mild, mild. The stoved red Virginia, lemon Virginia and straight Virginia make a lovely morning smoke. The mixture has just a touch of classic Virginia sweetness and no bite whatsoever.

Lane BLWB

Serad: Burley Light Without a Bite, if you were wondering what the letters stood for. Without a doubt, this is among the most docile blends I have ever tried. Actually, it is not a blend, it is just Burley. It does have humectants, and it is lightly flavored to give it a marvelous room note, but this is as relaxed and as unchallenging as can be imagined. I would say that BLWB could be enjoyed both by the Burley fan and the aromatic fancier without changing gears. It is still nutty from the underlying leaf but has none of the bad ending that some Burleys can have. Highly recommended for the Burley boys (and girls) and aromatic aficionados.

Gage: An all-Burley blend, with a reasonable but not excessive amount of flavoring agents, BLWB is a pleasing and soft-smoking mixture. Like Lane 1Q, it's a straightforward aromatic that doesn't try to get too cute. It smokes with a pleasant, light Burley character, burns relatively cool with a little care, and has no aftertaste. Great room aroma is a plus. For those predominantly English blend smokers who enjoy an occasional excursion into aromatics, as I do, this is a simple and comforting blend. It won't make you sit up and go "Wow!" but it does the trick when the mood strikes for something simple and pleasing.

Offerdahl: This is a pleasant aromatic with vanilla flavoring. Though not a regular smoker of aromatics, I can always sit back and enjoy this one. It burns cleanly and gives off a very pleasant aroma, which is guaranteed to please those around the smoker, and it doesn't seem to foul pipes the way many aromatics will.

Runowski: This is a Burley, and I adore and defend Burleys, and I really wanted to like this blend, but it is a light and cased blend, without the stout quality of earlier blends. Visually, it is homogeneous in color, light and moist to the touch and lightly fragrant in the pouch, but it doesn't have the body to be impressive. Still, I've smoked many bowls of BLWB over the years, under many different names, and it always rises to please the palate. It is recommended for the newer smoker as an introduction to the wonders of Burley.

Stone: I tried this Burley blend with all good intentions. I have often smoked

straight Burley or Burley blends for years at a time when I was younger; admittedly, they weren't aromatic ones. This one must be one of the proverbial drugstore blends that turns off every pipe smoker at first, some for good. Sweet and hot, it leaves an aftertaste and doesn't even compensate with a good room aroma.

Lane Crown Achievement

Serad: It is interesting that Crown Achievement in this bulk trial is

exactly the same as a tin I purchased 10 years ago and the way I remember it from decades ago. That says a great deal about manufacturing consistency and integrity. This is a unique (and I mean unique) mixture of Virginia, Mahalla, Dubec and mountain-leaf Latakia. One is hard-pressed to find blends today that contain varietal leaf, and this blend has maintained its history. This is pungent, acrid, ripe with Orientals and enthralling. If you like this kind of thing, then this is the best you can hope for. If you are looking for something sweet, do not look here. The Orientals have a unique character that you won't find elsewhere, and this stands alone in a rarified pantheon of rich Oriental blends. If you have never tried this, stop waiting. Dark, exotic, beyond flavorful, cool and able to keep the palate refreshed and stimulated rather than fatigued. Highly recommended.

Gage: Herman Lane made it clear that Crown Achievement was one of his proudest accomplishments. Blended to satisfy the purchasers of his high-end line of Charatan pipes (and other brands, of course), it featured a variety of individual high-grade Turkish leaf and Latakia. When Lane first formulated the mixture, there was a variety of specialized leaf to choose from. Today, it's very difficult to get individual high-grade Turkish leaf. That said, today's Crown Achievement is, sadly, a shadow of its former self. Even if the actual recipe is the same, the subtle formulation that was previously perfect fails to deliver much character. Although it lights and burns well, the overall impact of the Latakia is aggressive and bitter—and I love Latakia. It lacks subtlety, and there are far better heavy English blends available to today's smoker.

Harb: I had tried this blend in my early explorations and passed on it before I developed an appreciation for Turkish blends. Now this type of blend is a favorite, and I smoked three bowls before I remembered I needed to write an assessment for it. Once lit, both the tang and pungency of rich Turkish and sweet Virginia tobaccos were revealed in taste and aroma. A slight harshness on the back of the palate suggested a goodly amount of Perique. I would classify this as a medium-to-strong Turkish blend deserving of a regular place in the rotation.

Offerdahl: This blend should be applauded, as it succeeds in a way that well raises it above the usual OTC/bulk blend. There is a nice presence of Latakia, though with a bit of sharpness. The casing, though, really detracts, which is unfortunate. On the positive side, this casing problem is minor when one considers the prices at which Lane bulks are sold. Though many superior English blends are produced, on a bang-for-the-buck basis, Crown Achievement is a good bargain.

Runowski: When Lane blended tobaccos in the halcyon days of the 1960s and early 1970s, there was Black Knight and Four Monks, and then there was Crown Achievement for the Latakia and Turkish lover. Crown Achievement was a wonderfully fragrant blend with balance and passion and great taste. With slight modification because of a lack of available leaf, this is that blend, consistent and fortified, able to appeal to a variety of seasoned smokers. It contains flakes and cubes and ribbons, more dark than light, with a mustiness in the pouch. It packed clean and tight in the pipe, lit quickly and stayed dry through the smoke. There were unexpected highs in the Turkish and Latakia, and a steadiness from the Virginias. It was a visit with a respected old friend.

Lane 1Q

Serad: By appearance, 1Q is mostly bright or red Virginia leaf in a

Cavendish form, blended with a little fire-cured leaf. The pouch aroma is pleasant even to nonsmokers, as is the room aroma, but even more so. I think this has a character from the brightish base leaf, and even the Cavendish treatment does not limit this. The flavor is good, and the flavoring is even better, as it does not tire the palate and smells wonderful burning. I found the flavor not nearly as grand as the aroma, however, and this was flat from the beginning. Changing bowl sizes and shapes did not help. Among its peers, this is a standout because of the obvious quality of the leaf. I just don't happen to like this sort of thing, and that is exacerbated by the lightness of the Virginias.

Gage: Although it has long been the world's best-selling bulk blend, 1Q has always been the Rodney Dangerfield of blends for sophisticated pipe smokers: It don't get no respect. Yet there is good reason this fine-cut light aromatic deserves respect, even from connoisseurs. In the pouch, it has a light fruit and vanilla aroma. It lights quickly, and the aromatic saucing is noticeable but never aggressive. It smokes dry and doesn't leave a large residual plug of dottle. Well-aged dark Cavendish and ribbon-cut Burley provide a smooth, soft smoke. It actually seems to have less casing than I noted when I smoked it before, although maybe I'm just becoming more accepting of mild, well-done aromatics. The coconut-vanilla room aroma is a real winner for nonsmoking companions. It might be worth a trip to the local smoke shop to give it a try.

Harb: Vanilla, plain and simple, wrapped in fine, long ribbons of golden Burley and chunks of dark

Cavendish. This packed easily with a light touch, but too heavy a thumb could easily overpack and impede the draw. With the ribbons, it was easy to light and keep lit, but it burned fast and needed to be tamped frequently and smoked slowly to avoid bite. There was a lot of smoke and lots of sweet flavor and steam in the smoke. Indoors, 1Q leaves a pleasant room aroma, and outdoors, this blend would likely get compliments from those around the smoker.

Offerdahl: I can't imagine that there are many smokers who have missed this golden Cavendish blend. I like the caramel/coconut pouch aroma despite its being cloyingly sweet. The room note is quite nice, adding to the appeal, and brings to me memories of the aroma of my uncle's pipe from when I was a boy. Sadly, to get that aroma you have to smoke 1Q. Recommended as potpourri, but not as pipe tobacco.

Runowski: A lighter, fragrant, moist blend of Virginias and Burleys created for the ideal aromatic smoke, and it probably is, or certainly, the best-selling aromatic in the United States. I do remember years ago smoking this blend, probably in 10 or 15 tobacco bars around the South. The names were always something either exotic or comforting, but the blend was always consistent and—well, aromatic. Lighter by degrees than the Lane BCA and, I think, a better smoke.

Lane BCA

Serad: This is very black, and it is very pleasant-smelling in the pouch. There

are, of course, a gazillion black Cavendishes on the market, and it is very difficult to distinguish one from the others, because they are in varied shades of black and have various pleasant smells about them. BCA is also very moist and rich and easy to pack, characteristics also not very differentiating. What distinguishes this from the others is that it is very flavorful. There really is excellent flavor here. The taste, delivered with admirable coolness under fire, is lightly sweet and broad, with a Burley-base nuttiness underneath. The fire-cured Cavendish tobaccos are only gently flavored, so mildness is preserved. The room note is as pleasant as the pouch aroma. Aromatic fans won't go wrong here. If there is any criticism, it is that the aftertaste is not as good as the smoke, but that is trivial compared with the positive attributes. Highly recommended for the sweet black-leaf devotee.

Gage: This extremely black mixture smells like buttered popcorn jelly beans in the pouch. By no means is that a bad thing for a Cavendish. However, this particular Cavendish blend delivers a sour taste of too much humectant, and it leaves a bitter aftertaste. Smoke volume is good and it burns reasonably dry and cool for a sauced Cavendish, but there are better black Cavendish mixtures to be had in the marketplace.

Harb: This is what I call a true Cavendish because of the processing and the tobacco cut into short chunks. The pouch reveals a sweet aroma, perhaps vanilla, that has been lightly toasted. It burned well, but the level of flavor I expected was not there, and I didn't want to push it too hard to get more flavor, attempting to avoid bite. Toward the end, the dottle became too moist to continue, but it did not leave a heavy residual flavor in the pipe. There is no complexity here—you get the same from one puff to another, and this may just be what some smokers, but not this one, are looking for.

Runowski: A dark, fragrant and moist tobacco, seemingly the essences of fruit and liquors in the pouch and on the leaf. This may be the quintessential aromatic blend. It packed with some difficulty and lit on the third light, with a slight harshness to the smoke. The room note is almost overwhelming, pleasant but very assertive. This is a blend that virtually masks the true nature of the base tobaccos. I would assume that the base is Virginia and Burleys, but they are indistinguishable because of the casings. The blend finished almost as it started, slightly harsh with the cloying taste of casings. I do not believe that this blend will join my list of desert-island blends.

New Tinned Blends

G. L. Pease Montgomery

Serad: Montgomery is unusual in that it is ribbon-cut, not in flake form, and

this invites a hot burn for a mostly Virginia blend. Invitation given, the fiery guest arrives, though not as hot as may be imagined. So guard from zealous puffing, and move ahead in testing. The leaf itself contains quite a bit of bright and some red with Burley, and I fear the proportion is tilted too much toward the golden end of the spectrum for my tastes. Again, this makes it a bit hotter because of the higher natural sugar content and gives a certain sooty character to it. It has a sweetness that is reminiscent of a Scandinavian product, and I can't identify exactly why. I would say that this would benefit from pressing. It would also benefit greatly from age, so I recommend this only if you can put some down for two years or so in the tin. If you can't wait, this doesn't titillate.

Gage: This new introduction is a visually interesting blond and fluffy mixture of everything from light flue-cured Virginia to red stoved Virginia, with dark flecks of fire-cured Kentucky Burley. The wide ribbon cut allowed quick lighting and even smoking, but despite the plethora of interesting-looking Virginia tobaccos, I found the taste was bland, cigarette-like, slightly sooty and without the usual character and interest one finds in Pease blends. Several samplings in different pipes didn't alter my assessment. A very straightforward, bright Virginia blend, but somewhat flat on the palate.

Harb: I had different impressions of this blend based on what kind of pipe I smoked it in—briar or meerschaum. In both it was soft and smooth, with a gentle sweetness from the Virginias and a tang from the Burley. In the briar, it was a little harsh at the back of the palate, and the darker Virginias were expressed more prominently for me. In the meerschaum pipe, the smoke was more smooth and mellow, and I picked up a citrus flavor that was not noted in the briar.

Offerdahl: Initial puffs show a subtle complexity that could be missed by smokers used to heavier blends. The red Virginias bring a nice volume of sweetness, while the lighter Virginias add an almost citrusy smoothness. The Burley is more sensed, through the added depth and richness, than noticed. A year or two of age will add to this blend. Complex, sweet and smooth, Montgomery is a winner.

Runowski: A characteristic GLP blend, a mélange of Virginia cuts and flavors, a little brighter in leaf than I usually smoke. It has a classic Virginia base with a careful weaving of flavors through the smoke. But Montgomery craves a smaller bowl and a slower smoking for the flavors' sampling. A larger pipe enhanced the burn and diminished the flavor. Give Montgomery respect for its blending, and it is a rewarding intermittent smoke.

Stone: This is a mild-to-medium Virginia that proves just how sweet a good Virginia can be with neither Cavendish nor toppings. The Kentucky cuts the bite perfectly. This tobacco burns consistently to the bottom like most GLP blends I've tried. On the other hand, there just isn't the usual GLP pizzazz. There's nothing going on that would make me go back to this one, though it's probably a good all-day smoke for some and a great beginner's Virginia.

Brebbia Classic English #70

Serad: A hunky blend of chunky leaf, #70 is characterized by the supporting cast of components. While it includes

Syrian Latakia and Louisana Perique, it is a blend of many colors. Because of the cut, it packs by gravity feed and requires no special treatment in lighting. The Latakia is not prominent, though the Orientals peek through from the start. Down the bowl, the flavor is rather light, almost but not bland, and steady, which is to say that it does not develop much. It is pleasant, but it did not strike my fancy. Given that there are so many English blends on the market, I would continue the search. There is nothing wrong with it, but it does not arrest my attention.

Gage: The unusual square, chunky cut of this mixture has an appearance that is a bit disconcerting, looking somewhat like leaf mulch. That aside, the tobacco lights well and burns well. I am very fond of several Brebbia Virginia blends, but as an English mixture, I detected too much Burley and not enough Latakia. It might be a nice choice for a Burley fan looking for a tobacco with just a hint of Latakia flavor.

Harb: The pouch doesn't yield the depth of flavors in this blend, which is a mix of light-tan to dark-brown tobaccos of coarse-cut leaf and nuggets. The aroma suggests a slight fruitiness and some sweetness. It was easy to pack by gravity, and gentle pressing made for an easy draw. I sipped the tobacco on the charring light and noted a distinct sweetness on the lips and an underlying deeper richness. Once fully lit, the rich flavor of Latakia emerged, still mixed with sweet Virginia tobacco, and a good complement to Perique. Altogether, it was a pleasant combination that I would classify as a medium English, though perhaps not as classic as the name suggests.

Offerdahl: I can't be positive that this blend is not flavored in some way, but if it is, then suddenly I like flavorings. I

"Am I glad to see you! Have you got a light?"

was taken by #70 from the time I opened the pouch and was greeted by a deep, rich aroma. The blend—a generous amount of Latakia, Virginia, possibly some Burley (why else would it be a cube cut, right?) and possibly Perique—lights easily and smokes smoothly. Not more than moderately sweet to my taste, I found absolutely no sharp edges at all. The level of sweetness rises deeper into the bowl, with the higher tones playing nicely with the deeper, richer notes. I thoroughly enjoyed each bowl and recommend this blend.

Runowski: There are Latakia and Virginia presences, but neither is overwhelming. It packed cleanly and springy and burned well on the second light. The smoke started lighter but developed to a fuller flavor, with a great taste of real tobaccos without casing or aromas. The smoke stayed strong and rose to a plateau and descended slowly, without apology, to a clean and virtually dry pipe.

Brebbia Classic English #80

Serad: Technically, this is not an English because of the composition: long-cut Syrian Latakia with mature Burleys and bright Virginias. The cut is very fine, not a shag, but with long thin strands, and the pouch aroma is smoky from the Syrian leaf. At the match, it immediately blossoms, and there is a wonderful tangy edge all the way through the bowl. It is a very dark blend, with the Latakia carrying the day. This might be tiring for many puffers, but if you are looking for a blend with more rounded, Burley-rich edges full of Oriental flavor, this is it. I found it quite cool, and the Burley, aside from contributing to the weight and presence of the blend, mitigates the heat and acrid tang that comes from such a large proportion of Orientals. I liked this quite a bit, and though in a crowded field, this is recommended for a try.

Harb: There are more medium-brown and dark-brown tobaccos in this blend than in the Classic English #70, and they are mixed with short ribbons of light-colored Virginia. The aroma in the pouch is spicy and rich, with an underlying sweetness. Once lit, there was a tangy, smoky, naturally sweet richness that made this blend very enjoyable throughout the bowl. It burned evenly and did not get hot, and each puff was as good as the last. I can see this one becoming a regular in the rotation, particularly for those smokers who want a bright, rich blend with plenty of pungency and sweetness to finish off a hearty meal.

Runowski: A visually well-balanced blend, browns and blacks, with a variety of cuts, slightly musty in the pouch, and pleasant. The blend packed easily with the springy quality suggesting enough moisture to ensure a long smoke. It lit quickly with a strong room presence. The Virginias and Latakia seemed to have enough Turkish leaf to be harmonious, and they were—through the first two-thirds of the smoke. Unfortunately, the auspicious beginning was tempered somewhat by the less-than-dramatic finish, a finish that was harsher than I normally like. ***P&T***

Meet the reviewers

Joe Harb started smoking pipes in the late '60s to wean himself from cheap cigars. In late 1997, he received a gift of a small group of pipes from his late father-in-law, including a Kaywoodie seven-day set of matched-grain pipes in their original 1939 leather presentation case. It was this gift that changed Joe from a pipe accumulator to a pipe hobbyist and, eventually, to a collector, because it inspired an interest to learn more. In 1998, Joe attended the Chicagoland Pipe Show and was catapulted into a new and exhilarating adventure with pipes. The next year, he and a group of 27 pipe enthusiasts in the area founded the Milwaukee Area Pipe Society. Today, the club has 87 active members and will be holding its fifth pipe show in July. After retirement in 2000, Joe started working part-time at a tobacco shop, where he maintains the pipe and tobacco section, and soon began creating tobacco blends to commemorate annual milestones for the shop.

John Offerdahl was raised in tobacco country—North Carolina—and his father was active in the tobacco industry. John has been a pipe smoker since entering college in 1975. These days his life is filled with two beautiful daughters, two large and friendly dogs, and, of course, pipes. A professional librarian in Atlanta, Ga., John also works part time for the Tinder Box. His tastes in tobacco are fairly broad, with Virginias most often his regular smoke and Balkans a close runner-up, but he is not averse to a quality English or a good vanilla aromatic.

Bob Runowski has been a pipe smoker since 1966, mentored in his early days by his grandfather. He has two passions: He alleges smoking more than 300 of the best and (mostly) worst blends that pipe smoking has offered, and he evangelizes for Christopher Morley, the writer and raconteur. An environmental scientist since the late 1960s, he was also an assistant manager of a Smoking Bowl franchise in Beckley, W.Va., in the early 1970s, honing his tobacco-blending skills. Today, he craves the chance to retire and while away the hours finding the Holy Grail of tobaccos.

Ira Stone has been a member of the Universal Coterie of Pipe Smokers since 1970 and wrote a number of articles for the late lamented *Pipe Friendly* magazine. A co-founder of the Christopher Morley Pipe Club, Stone is a rabbi who teaches Jewish philosophy at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. He has authored a number of books in his field.

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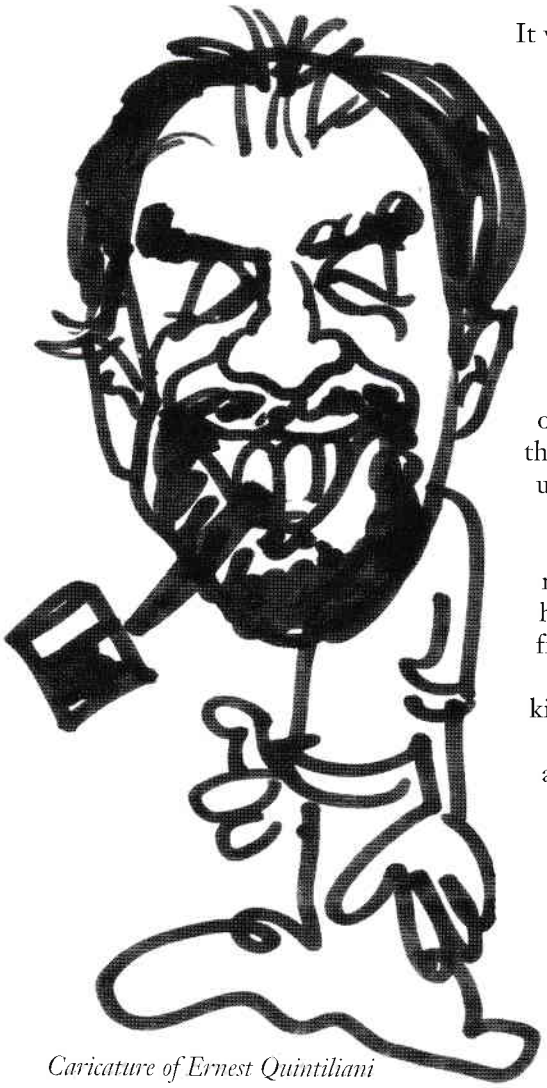
The Phantom Smoker: A Social Experiment

"Social scientist" studies the "phantom menace" of smoking

by Ernest Quintiliani



Caricature of Ernest Quintiliani

It was October 2004, and there was a warm, soft evening light on the Stillwater River, near my home in Framingham, Mass. I found myself waist-deep in the river, prospecting for late-season trout and mesmerized by my own rhythmic fly casting with my custom-made Park's Fishing Pipe held firmly between my teeth.

The elongated autumn shadows and turning maples completed the fantasy. I was one with the river until...

"Excuse me!"

I was jerked suddenly from my reverie. A fellow angler had made his way into my space and he was fit to be tied. I expected the worst.

"What you're doing is you're killing my son!"

I glanced upstream behind him and saw a young man of 10 or 11 gleefully practicing his cast in a small riffle.

"Little guy looks all right to me," I said. "Could use a little help with his timing, though. You know, I could suggest a couple..."

"Damn it, you people don't get it!"

I didn't have a chance to finish my offer of supplementary fly-casting instruction.

"You're killing people. Millions of people die every year from breathing the crap you're putting into our air."

"Name three?" I asked. I could see a large vein appearing on his forehead that wasn't there moments ago. I could have sworn it was pulsating.

"You.... You.... Damn it, you've destroyed our afternoon."

Again I glanced upstream at the boy. He had managed to hook a small rainbow trout and appeared to be having the time of his life.

The irritated angler sloshed upstream in what I can only describe as a "huff."

Just as I was about to resume casting, I realized that I had not yet even lit my pipe! A mischievous grin appeared on my face and suddenly an idea was born.

From that day on, whether waiting in line for coffee, relaxing with a cocktail after dinner at a restaurant, lifting a glass at the saloon or just waiting at a bus shelter, I resolved to always have an unlit pipe or cigar clamped in my trap in any public building. Being a resident of a state where smoking in public buildings is banned would serve

only to make my little "social experiment" all the more intriguing.

What follows are excerpts from my journal detailing several typical sojourns into the realm of "phantom smoking."

Saturday, Dec. 11, 2004

At restaurant downtown. Retire to bar after dinner. Take oversized Ardor from pocket and fill it with tobacco. Place on bar. Told twice that smoking not allowed. Put unlit pipe in mouth after first cocktail. Several people cough. Told by hostess to extinguish it or leave. Tell her it is not lit. Told, "Well, you better not light it." Assure her I have no intention. Angry couple walk past heading for exit. They say, "Thanks for ruining our dinner." Explain that pipe is unlit. Told by wife, "Well, something stinks over here." Repress urge to tell her it is probably the odor of bullshit. (Note to self: Never, ever get married.) Finish second cocktail. Light pipe outside. Passerby says, "That smells great!"

Friday, Jan. 28, 2005

Out with friends at local gin mill. Have unlit cigar in mouth when we enter. Told, "No smoking allowed." Informed them I have no intention of lighting it. Order drinks at bar. Bartender says, "No smoking allowed." Tell bartender to get eyes checked. He doesn't like that.

At pool table after bar. During first hour several people approach, see cigar is unlit and walk away. Man approaches and kindly asks me to put out cigar as his date is getting asthmatic. I tell him it isn't lit. "Oh," he says. "Must be something else then."

Several people look over and cough. (My friends are enjoying the hell out of this.) I make eye contact with beautiful girl across at other table. Give her the old come-hither smile. She frowns, holds nose with one hand and fans it with the other. (Note to self: See above note about marriage.) Manager comes over. Informs us that cigar is making patrons uncomfortable. Liquid courage helped me to tell him I could think of a couple of ways the cigar would make him uncomfortable. He doesn't like that and tells us to leave. Friends on floor laughing.

Friday, March 4, 2005

Go to city hall to renew fishing license. Guard at back door does not let me enter with (unlit) pipe in mouth. I try the front door. Guard lets me enter on condition that I keep it unlit. On way to licensing unit, told four times that smoking is not allowed. At window, clerk coughs and tells me no smoking is allowed. Explain that it isn't lit. Man at desk in back of clerk coughs and fans his nose. Man says to clerk, "Does he know he can't smoke in here? There's a fine, you know." Told not to smoke three times on way out. Four people cough and one fans her nose. Exit building by back door. Guard looks at me. I smile and tip my hat, pipe still in mouth. Bum on ground fans his nose.

Final Thoughts

These examples are a small sampling of many in this ongoing experiment that was born on that October afternoon on the Stillwater River. I invite each of you—my fellow lovers of the leaf—to join me in a "phantom smoke" wherever you may be! Puff your unlit pipes and cigars publicly and proudly! "Phantom smoke" in public restrooms, restaurants, bars and even municipal buildings, for a day will come when the dangers of "secondhand phantom smoke" are discovered and the practice of public "phantom smoking" will be banned nationwide! Until then, I bid you all happy (phantom) puffing!

P&T

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Kaywoodie Meerschaums

I received a Kaywoodie meerschaum pipe for Christmas from my father-in-law, who has been an avid pipe smoker for 50+ years. He found it at a flea market in Maine. He says that in all his years of pipe smoking he has never seen a "Genuine Block Meerschaum" Kaywoodie. Can you provide any information about Kaywoodie Meerschaums?

Brian F. Nestock
Homestead, Fla.

I can't, but Bill Feuerbach of the S.M Frank Company, which manufactures Kaywoodie, Yello-Bole and Medico pipes, has kindly provided the following information:

Kaywoodie block meerschaums were made from at least the late 1930s until 1968. During the first few production years, the block meerschaums don't appear in catalogs or advertisements. The first example S.M. Frank has is from 1941. A significant date with regard to Kaywoodie block meerschaum production is April 10, 1939, when Paul Fischer began working for Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy (Kaywoodie's original founding company), to oversee meerschaum pipe production. From Nov. 1, 1927, to Dec. 31, 1938, he was manager of meerschaum production for S. Schild in Vienna, Austria. A letter dated October 1938 from KB&B to the American Consulate in Vienna requesting a visa for Mr. Fischer states that, "since this industry in the United States is at present dormant, it is of importance to state that from 10 to 15 American laborers will find employment once we start production." This would suggest that KB&B really wasn't doing much with block meerschaum pipes at that time—only after Mr. Fischer arrived in April 1939. On Sept. 2, 1960, Fischer left the employ of the Kaywoodie Company to make pipes under his own name. Kaywoodie also made meerschaum-lined briar pipes, calabashes with meerschaum caps, meerschaum figurals and meerschaum twin bowls (meerschaum pipes with an unscrewable inner meerschaum bowl). Dating Kaywoodie block meerschaums is not an exact science. About the only indicator of age will be whether the stem has a drinkless fitment (the metal filter arrangement attached to the tenon) with 4 holes in the ball or 3 holes. The switchover point is in the mid-1950s, with the four-hole version being the older style. Older block meerschaum pipes would have the cloverleaf logo on top of the stem and would have come in a fitted, hinged leather case, while the newer ones would have the logo on the side of the stem and come with a rectangular hinged box.

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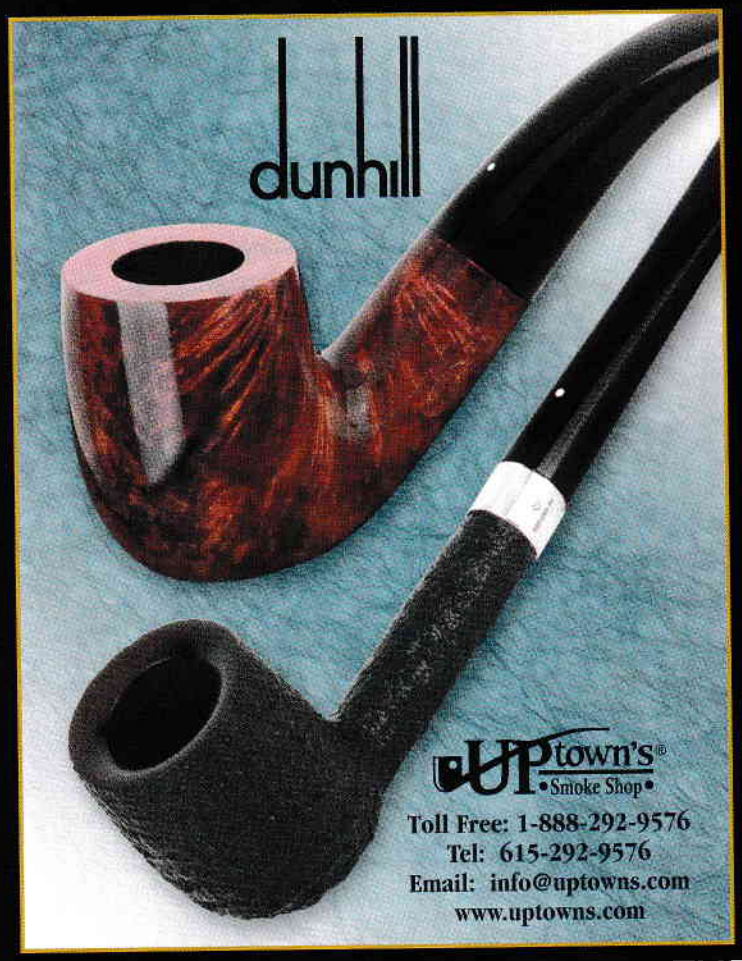
Capitello Replacement Stem?

I am trying to obtain info on a Capitello pipe that I own and love. A comment made by an expert has left me dazed and confused. He says that my pipe is not original because the stem has no markings on it. The nomenclature on the shank is as follows: "Capitello, GOTICO," then the distinctive trademark, followed by "ARTIGIANATO ITALIANO MADE IN ITALY." I have reason to question his opinion because I purchased the pipe from a very prestigious pipe and tobacco company in the mid 1980s, where only brand-new merchandise was sold.

Nigel White
Cyberspace

Rob Seigel of Marble Arch was the importer of Capitello pipes during the two years or so that they were available in the United States, and he was able to provide details concerning your pipe that may help reassure you. Capitello pipes were made by Enzo Galuzzo, who started the line after working for Ascorti and his partner, Corrado Ripamonti, who worked at a famous pipe shop called Noli in Milan. It turns out there were some Capitellos that did not originally have the logo imprinted on the stem, primarily military mount pipes. The imprint machine used by Capitello was such that it could not imprint the smaller diameter stems found on military mount mouthpieces, of which Capitello made a significant number. So it is entirely possible that you may have an original stem without the logo.

Also, the logo was applied on the stem—not engraved or melted on—so on some used pipes it may be a case of its having been buffed off over time. But if you bought the pipe new, that's obviously not the situation in this instance. You can also tell if it's an original stem from the lip button. Seigal says the buttons on Capitello pipes had a "boxy" style. If you look at the lip button dead on, looking down the smoke channel, you may notice a faceted appearance instead of a smooth curve from the front of the pipe up from the stem and down into the smoke hole. This is a giveaway that it is an original stem. Certainly there are a couple of pipe repairmen more than capable and detail-oriented enough to replicate that faceting, but it's improbable that they would go to that trouble without having the original logo to go with the button style and thereby produce a replacement stem as original as possible. But if your pipe is a stick bit military mount, it may never have had the Capitello logo; therefore the lack of logo is no indication of a replacement stem. If it has the thicker mouthpiece, as is common on other styles, there may be some question. ***P&T***



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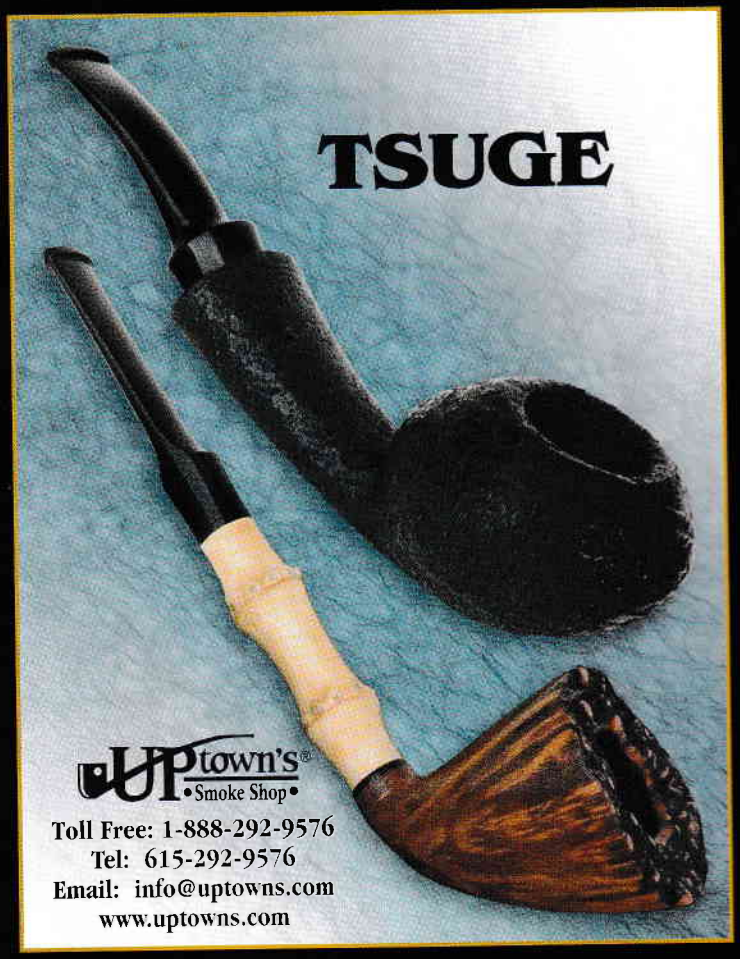

PIPE EVENTS

CORPS Pipe Smokers' Exposition and Celebration
The Conclave of Richmond Pipe Smokers will host its 21st Annual Pipe Smokers' Exposition and Celebration from Sept. 30 to Oct. 2 at the Holiday Inn Select-Koger South Conference Center, 10800 Midlothian Turnpike, Richmond, Va. Call the hotel at 804.379.3800 and mention CORPS for special room rates. For more information, contact CORPS at P.O. Box 34023, Richmond, VA 23234; 804.342.0761; *conclave@corpipesmokers.org*.

Milwaukee Area Pipe Show
The Milwaukee Area Pipe Society will host its 5th Annual Pipe Show/Swap on Saturday, July 23, at Pistol Pete's Neighborhood Grill, 16755 Lisbon Road, Brookfield, WI 53005. For complete information, contact the Milwaukee Area Pipe Society, P.O. Box 174, Elm Grove, WI 53122-0174, or *info@milwaukeeareapipesociety.com*.

New York Pipe Shows
There will be three more pipe shows in the New York area in 2005. The Sixth National Annual Pipe Convention will be held on Saturday, May 28, from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. The 10th Annual International Pipe Swap will meet on Saturday, Sept. 3, from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. The First Annual Pipe Spectacular will be held on Saturday, Dec. 3, from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. The Ramada Hotel Newark International Airport will host each event. Special room rates are available by contacting the Ramada at 800.223.8285.

North American Society of Pipe Collectors Pipe Show
The 2005 North American Society of Pipe Collectors Pipe Show will be held from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturday, Aug. 27, at the Midwest Hotel & Conference Center, 4900 Sinclair Rd., Columbus, OH 43229. Call the hotel at 877.609.6086 and mention the show for a special room rate. For show information, contact Bill Unger, P.O. Box 9642, Columbus, OH 43209; 614.252.2904; *bill@naspc.org*.

Northern California Pipe Show
The Sacramento Pipe Collectors' Assembly, the Fresno Pipe Club and the Peninsula Pipe Club will host the eighth annual Northern California Pipe Show on Saturday, Nov. 12 from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. in the training room of the Clarklift Team Power Forklift dealership at 8111 Fruitridge Road, Sacramento, Calif. Admission is free. Contact Gary Malmberg, 916.442.6027; *gmalmberg@earthlink.net*; Web site: *www.secondhandsmokes.com/ncps.html*.

We regret that, due to space limitations, we are unable to include information on every club we've heard from. For a complete listing of those submitted, please refer to our Web site, *www.pt-magazine.com*.

PIPE CLUBS

Arrowhead Pipe Club
Contact Dan Spaniola, Arrowhead Pipe Club, c/o Paul's Pipe Shop, 647 South Saginaw St., Flint, MI 48502.

Atlanta Pipe Club
Second Tuesday of the month at 7 p.m. at Royal Cigar Co., 2179 Briarcliff Road, Atlanta, Ga., on the corner of Briarcliff and LaVista roads. Contact Joyce White at 404.329.0088, or Michael Shawn Stanton at *latakia@fineprintstudio.com*.

Austin Pipe Enthusiast Society (APES)
Second Tuesday of the month at 6 p.m. in the Havana Lounge at Heroes and Legacies, 10000 Research Blvd., Ste. 214. Contact Jerry Franks at 512.626.9233 or *jqfranks@hotmail.com*.

Briar Squires Pipe Club
Second Monday of the month at 7:30 p.m. at Hops Grill and Bar, 9826 San Jose Blvd., Jacksonville, Fla. Contact Briar Squires, P.O. Box 61446, Jacksonville, FL 32236; Cy Jones at 904.739.8190; or Clif Byrd at *crbyrd@bellsouth.net*.

Burlington Pipe Club
First Thursday of the month at The Black Bull, 1124 Guelph Line, Burlington, Ontario. Contact Phil Raney at 519.754.1148.

Capital Area Pipe Smokers (CAPS)
Third Wednesday of every other month in the Washington, D.C., area. Contact Randy Evans, *raevans@outdrs.net*; Brian Siravo, *CAPSpipeshow@aol.com*; or *Caps_pipe.tripod.com*.

Central Florida Pipe Club
Last Thursday of the month at The Tobacco Merchant in Jacobsen's Plaza in Longwood, Fla., from 6-9 p.m. Contact Don Hockman Jr. at 407.647.3200; *orlandopipe@yahoo.com*.

Central Oklahoma Pipe Enthusiasts (COPE)
Second Thursday of the month at the Royal Bavaria Brauhaus & Restaurant, 3401 S. Sooner Road, Moore, Okla. Contact COPE, P.O. Box 7034, Moore, OK 73153; or *jhaldeman@bix.com*.

Chesapeake Pipe Club
Second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m. at Johnny Dee's Lounge, 1705 Amuskai Rd., Baltimore, MD 21234. Call Bill Maitz, 410.825.8940.

Chicagoland Pipe Collectors Club (CPCC)
Meets every month on a Saturday night, except in May, July and December, at the Secret Garden Restaurant, 1612 Rand Road, Arlington Heights, Ill., 847.670.5502. Dates and times may be found at *www.chicagopipeshow.com*, or contact Mike Reschke at 630.889.0453 or *mwreschke@ameritech.net*.

Christopher Morley Pipe Club of Philadelphia
Third Wednesday of the month at 7 p.m. at Engine 46 Steak House, 10 Reed St., Philadelphia, Pa. Contact Bob Page at 215.732.7235; 215.567.2972; or *rpage@classicalguitarstore.com*.

Conclave of Richmond Pipe Smokers (CORPS)
Meets the third Tuesday of the month at various Richmond, Va.-area restaurants and pubs. Contact CORPS for the location of the next meeting at 804.342.0761; e-mail: *conclave@corpipesmokers.org*; Web site: *www.corpipesmokers.org*.

Confrere of Indiana Briar Friars
Contact Stephen Williams at 765.282.0229.

CT Area Pipe Society (CTAPS)
New club seeking members. Contact Rick Olszewski at CT Area Pipe Society, 84 D'Amato Lane, Bristol, CT 06010; phone: 860.983.3018; Web site: *www.ctaps.org*; or e-mail: *membership@ctaps.org*.

Croft's Burley Burners
First Saturday of the month at Croft's Pipe & Tobacco Shop, 4722 Richmond Ave., Houston, TX 77027. Call 713.850.8091 for more information.

Dallas/Fort Worth Pipe Smokers Club
Third Monday of the month at 7:30 p.m. at various locations in the Dallas/Fort Worth area. Contact Ed Price at *edwardprice3@verizon.net*, or visit the club's Web site at *www.web2.airmail.net/epr065/dfwpipe*, or its chat room at *www.groups.yahoo.com/group/DFW-Pipesmokers*.

Fresno Pipe Club
Third Sunday of the month at 6 p.m. at Hardwick's Briar Shoppe. Contact Douglas A. Pitts at Hardwick's Briar Shoppe, Manchester Center, 3402 N. Blackstone, Suite 124, Fresno, CA 93726; 209.228.1389; *dpitts@gte.net*.

Great Northern Pipe Club
Third Sunday of the month at 1:30 p.m., usually at the Maplewood Lanes, Lower Level, 1955 English Street, Maplewood, Minn. Contact Tony Espeseth at 715.595.4666 or check out the club's Web site at *www.greatnorthernpipeclub.org*.

Greater Columbus Pipe and Ale (GCPA)
The GCPA is a new pipe club in the Columbus, Ohio area. Contact the GCPA at 168 Boyd Drive, Columbus, OH 43085; e-mail: *GCPAinfo@lycos.com*.

Greater Kansas City Pipe Club
Third Thursday of the month at Cigar & Tabac, 103 Metcalf Center in Overland Park, Kan., at 8 p.m. The club also hosts an annual pipe show in the fall. Call Mike Sull at 913.362.7864 or e-mail the club at *www.GKCPipeClub.com*.

Harbor Pipe & Cigar Club
Meets every Wednesday night at 7 p.m. at Captain Hunt Tobacconist. Contact Neil Hunt or Courtney Hunt at 619.232.2938; e-mail *huntobacco@yahoo.com*.

Honorable Society of Pipe Smokers
Second Wednesday of the month at 7 p.m. at Mike's Place in the Warwick Village Shopping Center in

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Newport News, Va. Contact Tom Clason at 757.867.9040; Dwight Davis at 757.588.7680 or Rick Patton at *pttnrchrd@aol.com*.

Hudson Valley Pipe Club
First Wednesday of the month at 6 p.m. at various locations in the Hudson Valley. Hosting the annual Hudson Valley Pipe Smoking Championship in December. Contact Rob Denholtz at 845.462 .2495; or *den@ulster.net*.

Knoxville Area Pipe Smokers (KAPS)
Third Thursday of the month at 6:30 p.m. Contact *www.knoxpipesmokers.org*; or Randy Pedigo at 865.637.7565 or *repedigo@bellsouth.net*.

Memphis Area Puffers Society (MAPS)
Third Tuesday of the month at 7 p.m., upstairs at the Sports Pub, 5012 Park Ave (Park & Mendanhall), Memphis, Tenn. Contact Bob at *info@pipeclub .org*; Web site: *www.pipeclub.org*.

Milwaukee Area Pipe Society
Meets at 7 p.m. on the third Thursday of each month at Jack's Tobacco and M.C.S., 13640 W. Capitol Drive, Brookfield, Wisc. Inquiries can be directed to *info@milwaukeeareapipesociety.com*, or visit the Web site at *www.milwaukeeareapipesociety .com*.

Mt. Town Society of Kapnismologists
Meets the first and third Thursday of every month at 8 p.m. at Smokers Club, 100 S. Mission St., Ste. C, Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858. Contact Dave at 989.775.8536 or *mandogart@hotmail.com*.

Nashville Area Pipe Smokers (NAPS)
Second Tuesday of the month at 6:30 p.m. at the Sherlock Holmes Pub located at 2206 Elliston Place, Nashville, Tenn. Contact Chuck Horvath at 615.790.9582; *chuck.horvath@us.army.mil*.

New York Pipe Club
First and third Tuesdays of the month. For times and locations, visit the club's Web site at *www.newyorkpipeclub.com*.

Nordic Smokers' Guild
Contact President Leif Slot, Florsgade 7, 3 th, DK-2200 Copenhagen N, Denmark; *ls@n-t.dk*.

North Georgia Pipe Club
Third Thursday of the month at 6:30 p.m. at Smitty's Tobacco, 975 Dawsonville Hwy., Gainesville, Ga. Contact Clark Smith at 770.539.9006; *wcsmith1@bellsouth.net*.

North Oakland Tobacco and Pipe Club (NOTPC)
First Thursday of the month at 7:00 p.m., at The Commonwealth Club, 30088 Dequindre Road, Warren, MI 48092. Contact Terry McGinty at 248.471.0195; *tmcginty@ameritech.net*.

Northeast Arkansas Pipe Puffers
Second Saturday of each month at 10 a.m. and the fourth Tuesday of each month at 6 p.m. at the Tobacco Plus Store in the Midway Plaza in Highland, Arkansas. Contact Dick Alexander, c/o Tobacco Plus-Midway Plaza, 1998 Highway 62/412, Hardy, AR 72542; 870.856.4100 or 870.856.4433.

Northeast Wisconsin Tobacco Society (NEWTS)
Third Monday of the month at 6 p.m. at the Titletown Brewing Co. Contact Todd R. Jerabek at *tjerabek@frontiernet.net*.

Old Pueblo Pipe Club
Third Wednesday of the month at 7 p.m. at local shops. Check the schedule on the club Web site, *www.jack-tompkins.com/OPPC*, or contact Jack Tompkins at 520.459.4317; e-mail: *Tompkins_jl @cox.net*.

Ottawa Pipe Club
Meets once a month from May to October with varying days and locations. Visit the club's Web site at *www.mindless.ca/pipes/ottawapipe.html* for details or contact Eric Mathurin at 613.820.2698.

Pipe Club de France
Contact President Alain Letulier, 38 Rue du Chevalier de la Barre, F59175 Templemars, France; *alainletulier@compuserve.com*.

Pocono Inter-Mountain Pipe Enclave (PIPE)
Every Tuesday night at El Humidor in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., from 6-9 p.m. Contact David Bull at 570.894.8016 or *debull@starband .net*.

Sacramento Pipe Collector's Assembly (SPCA)
Third Thursday of the month at 6 p.m. and last Sunday of the month at 1 p.m. in downtown Sacramento, Calif., at 1325 O Street #1. Contact Gary Malmberg, 916.442.6027; e-mail: *gmalmberg @earthlinknet*.

Sandwich Isle Pipe Society
Last Wednesday of the month from 6-9 p.m. at South Pacific Pipes & Cigars, 350 Ward Ave., Suite 106, Honolulu, HI 96814. Contact Dale James Neff at 808.591.8275.

Seattle Pipe Club
Second Thursday of the month from 7-9 p.m. at the Rainier Club, 820 Fourth Avenue, Seattle, WA 98104. Contact Matt Guss at 253.627.4268; e-mail: *matt@reallysmart.com*; Al Ford at *alferd.ford@verizon.net*; or visit the Web site at *www.seattlepipeclub.org*.

Shanghai Pipe Club
Every other Saturday afternoon from 2-6 p.m. at 498-43 North Wulumuqi Road, Shanghai. Visit the club's Web site at *www.shanghaipipeclub.com* or contact Echo Hui at *echo_hui@yahoo.com* for more information.

Sherlock Holmes Pipe Club of Boston
First Tuesday of the month in Stoughton, Mass. Contact Nelson Pidgeon at *shpcboston@yahoo.com* or call Don Powers at 781.449.0380; or visit the club Web site at *www.shpcboston.org*.

Singapore Pipe Club
Meets on Sundays at Starbucks, Liat Towers, Orchard Road, whenever Dr. Loh is in town. For more information, e-mail *mike@drmikeloh.com*.

Smokers on the Square
First Thursday of every month at 8 p.m. at Marietta Cigar Co. at 16 Atlanta Street, Marietta, GA 30060; and the third Wednesday of every month at MacCracken's Pub across the street from Marietta Cigar Co. at 7 p.m. Contact Matt Steffney at 770.314.3204; e-mail: *tendjekan@yahoo.com*.

South Hampton Roads Pipesmokers' Club
First Monday of the month at 7 p.m. at the White Horse Pub in Pembroke Mall, Virginia Beach, Va. Contact Dan Carey at 757.236.3469; e-mail: *e-celt@yahoo.com*.

South Jersey Pipe and Cigar Club
Second Wednesday of the month at 7 p.m. at Your Coffee and Cigar Box, 703 Tilton Road, Northfield, NJ 08225. Call 609.645.3345.

St. Louis Pipe Club
Second Saturday of the month at 9 a.m. at John Dengler Tobacconist, 700 S. Main, St. Charles, Mo., and the fourth Saturday of the month at 7 p.m. at Town & Country Tobacco, 13933 Manchester Rd., St. Louis, Mo. Contact Jay Milton at 618.288.2090, or Bob Calloway at 636.946.8555.

Toronto Pipe Club
Second Saturday of the month at 1 p.m. Contact Douglas Cope at 905.791.1440 or *www.torpipeclub.ca*.

Triangle Area Pipe Smokers (TAPS)
Second Tuesday of each month at Duffy's Restaurant & Tavern, 8021 Falls of Neuse Road, Raleigh, N.C., at 6:30 p.m. Contact Jim Carrino at 919.848.0685, Stan Sokolove at *pipechief@msn .com*, or visit the Web site at *www.neneighbors .com/1416*.

Tri-State Pipe and Tobacco Club
For information about meetings of the Fort Wayne, Ind.-based club, contact Dennis Nichols at 260.744.4797.

United Pipe Clubs of America
An organization representing U.S. pipe clubs for national and international smoking competitions and sharing the pipe-smoking experience around the world. Visit the Web site at *www.unitedpipeclubs.org* or e-mail the organization at *pipes@unitedpipeclubs.org*.

Vancouver Pipe Club
Second Tuesday of the month after 5 p.m. at City Cigar Co. Contact Doug at *etype@telus.net*, or Bas at *basil_stevens@telus.net*; or visit the Web site at *www.vancouverpipeclub.com*.

Waco Pipe Club
Last Tuesday of the month at 7 p.m. at the Texas Sports Hall of Fame Museum, 1108 S. University Parks Drive in Waco, Texas. Contact Steve Fallon at 254.754.3258.

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